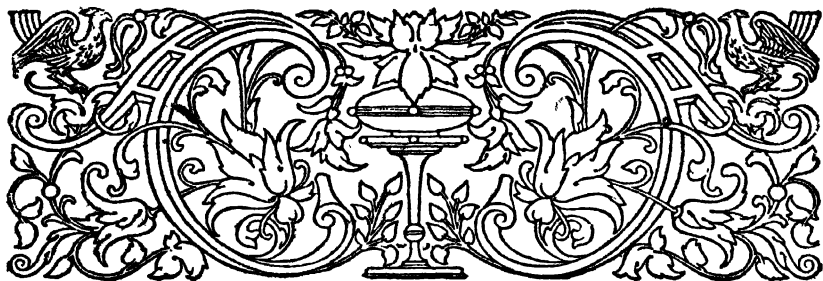




PERICLES. *"My dearest wife was like this maid,
and such a one
My daughter might have been."*

ACT V, SCENE I, line 106.



**THE CAXTON EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

**WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE**

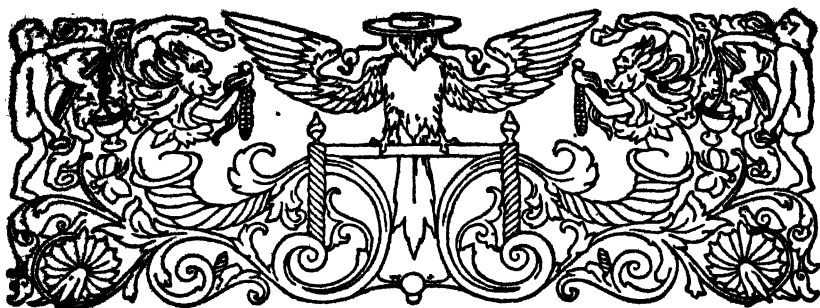
VOLUME VII

**PERICLES
CYMBELINE**

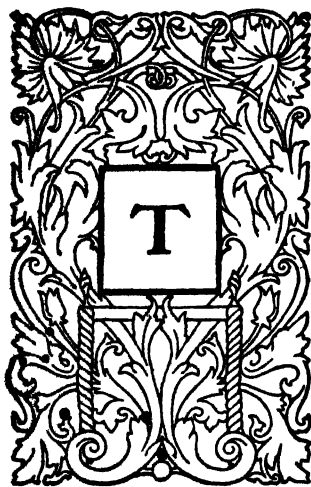


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PERICLES



INTRODUCTION



THE apocryphal works of Shakespeare are even more various in value than the apocryphal books of the Bible. There is hardly as much difference between the sublime "Wisdom of Solomon" and the nursery tale of "Bel and the Dragon" as between the glorious torso of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and the abject futility of "Mucedorus" or "Lochrine." There are two plays, and only two, of which we may be as absolutely certain that Shakespeare wrote the nobler part as that Shakespeare did not write the whole. The one is taken from the "Knight's Tale," of Chaucer, the other from an episode in Gower's "Confessio Amantis." In the one case the unfinished work of Shakespeare was completed by the feebler and yet the accomplished and the dexter-

PERICLES

ous hand of a lesser and yet a great dramatic poet; in the other case the hand of Shakespeare touched and transfigured, recreated and recast, the work of an obscure precursor whose sketch he did not always give himself the trouble to correct and repaint, but chose rather now and then to leave as it stood in the rough, with an incongruous touch of unseasonable splendour flung in or thrown on here and there. It is not easy to say exactly where the work of revision or interpolation begins or ends. We may be misled and dazzled into misjudgment and injustice by the beauty of single lines or short passages, which on reconsideration may not seem so far superior as at first they seemed to the not always unworthy context. There is true poetic dignity throughout in the part of Pericles: and the fitfully frequent relapses into rhyme which help to make the style of the earlier scenes seem cruder and more juvenile than that of the last three acts are merely, it may be, signs of haste and indifference rather than of inferiority and illegitimacy. The scene with the fishermen is at once like Shakespeare and like Heywood: either of the two might have written it. No one who knows the lesser poet will deny this; and no one can fail to see how this explains the curious and at first sight startling collocation of his name and of Dekker's with the name that is above every name in the famous passage which places on record the wish of Shakespeare's greatest disciple that what he wrote should be read by their light.

All the second act, be the text canonical or apocryphal, must evidently have been written at full gallop of the pen.

INTRODUCTION

The good Simonides is the sort of monarch who figures in the fables of the "Gesta Romanorum" and other delightful compilations of mediæval mythology and mediæval morality as the allegorical representative of Christ or antichrist, God or the devil. He plays the most childish tricks and accomplishes the most burlesque antics that can ever have enraptured an adult infant in the process of a serious pantomime. However, it must be set down to his credit that he winds up and makes an end of the apocryphal part of the play. After he vanishes we are at home for good in the divine and human company of Shakespeare.

When the storm breaks upon us with the opening of the third act we know where we are. We are in the very heaven of heavens to which none can be admitted save by the grace of the greatest among poets. We are at sea, *συντεράραται δ' αἰθὴρ πόντος*. Æschylus the father and Shakespeare the son are revealed as one God in the sight of all men not too impotent to perceive and too abject to adore; for the divine humanity of Shakespeare is as great as even the superhuman sublimity of Æschylus. The matchless loveliness of lightning and the matchless music of thunder give here the signal, not of war with a deathless and a more than godlike enemy of an evil and omnipotent God, but of war against a woman in travail and her newborn child. The pity of it is as great and as terrible as the terror. Every verse rings and clings in the ear for ever. "These surges that wash both heaven and hell" give such immortal echo to the transitory harmonies of an actual storm at sea as no man but one could have

PERICLES

translated or transfigured into articulate utterance. There is no more splendid poetry in "Othello" or "King Lear" than Shakespeare's magnificent prodigality has lavished on the lament of Pericles over Thaisa ; on a passage in a play which he cannot have taken as seriously as all readers may see that he must have taken such masterpieces of his own creation as those which he remoulded and re-wrote from end to end. The three succeeding scenes are perfect Shakespeare in metre and in style. Short and simple as they are, they are cast in the mould of speech which no student can fail to recognise, and informed with the breath of music which no disciple has ever caught the tune of for more than a wonderful moment. Webster himself, the greatest as the most faithful of them all, was never so like him for so long.

In the fourth act of "Pericles" the most exquisite sweetness of Shakespearean poetry and the most desperate fidelity of Shakespearean realism are interchangeably relieved and set off against each other with a daring, a tact, and a success, all equally incomparable. There is no scene of more living loveliness than the first scene of this act in "The Winter's Tale," or "Cymbeline," or "The Tempest." Not one among Shakespeare's women makes her entrance on his stage with a more wonderful charm about her than does Marina. Her flowers, her tears, her fond fidelity and simplicity of tenderness in mourning, win us as instantly and as thoroughly as we are won by the first appearance of her sisters Perdita and Miranda. There is hardly anything in Shakespeare more wonderfully and beautifully lifelike than her innocent

INTRODUCTION

talk with the intending assassin when they are left together by the shore. The sweetness and freshness of meadowland and sea which breathe upon the spirit as we read enhance the tragic effect of terror and intensify the sense of noisome horror in the sudden transference of scene and transformation of atmosphere from the fairest to the foulest upon earth. The poetry of this famous and ill-famed fourth act is not more unmistakably Shakespearean than the prose. Malone, a scholar and critic worth many a German generation of rhapsodists and scholiasts, has a note on a passage in the first of the two scenes in the temple of Priapus which should suffice to establish his credit as a commentator :—“ If there were no other proof of this piece having been written by Shakespeare, this admirable stroke of humour would, in my apprehension, stamp it as his.” I say ditto to Mr. Malone—as did a contemporary of his in parliament to the most illustrious of their countrymen. It is surely no small distinction, no small addition to the spiritual or intellectual honours of Ireland, that the two best and finest critics of Shakespeare as a poetic humourist should have been Irishmen—Maurice Morgan and Edmund Malone. The eighteenth century did indeed produce a more deeply and thoroughly appreciative panegyrist of Shakespeare than either of these; but he was neither an Englishman, an Irishman, nor a Scotchman. I wish it could be said that he was a respectable Frenchman; but the sad and comic truth is that he was a no less disreputable writer than Rétif de la Bretonne, pornographer of Paris. The pretty little chapter of chat-

PERICLES

ter about Hamlet in "Wilhelm Meister" is as a school-boy's prize exercise or an undergraduate's prize essay to the letter on Shakespeare in "Le Paysan Perversi." Rétif, the prophet who made public declaration of his belief that things could not last as they were for twenty years longer just fourteen years before the sunrise of the French Revolution, was the first critic to see and to affirm the fact that the objections brought by French criticism against the art of Shakespeare were evidences to the fact that Shakespeare's way of work was not the wrong way but the right; that the union of tragic and comic emotion on the same stage in the same scene was no more a matter for apology than a subject for derision; that it was the final and crowning proof how far above all docile and servile tragedians after the order of Racine and Voltaire was the greatest of all men who ever had written for the stage. The wide and deep critical insight of the man is not more admirably exceptional than the moral courage which was needed to affirm his conviction of this truth under the spiritual reign of King Voltaire.*

That any doubt should ever have been cast upon the authorship of the scenes in which the heroic purity of Marina is tried and tested as by fire is a memorable piece of evidence that the Shakespearean criticism of the nineteenth century was by no means always superior or never inferior to that of the eighteenth. The unsavoury atmosphere is not denser in the Mytilene of "Pericles" than the air we breathe in the Vienna of "Measure for Measure." Pompey and his mistress, whose very names are unclean, are certainly no decenter creatures than Boult and his

INTRODUCTION

employers. In "Troilus and Cressida" there are far loathsomer passages, far noisomer allusions and expressions, than can be found anywhere in Shakespeare outside the marvellously horrible and magnificently hideous part of Thersites. The author of these two canonical plays was certainly not too prudish or squeamish to have written the certainly not more offensive passages which have offended modern readers in the apocryphal play of "Pericles." And who else could have written them? There is nothing of equal æsthetic or literary excellence in the realistic improprieties or indecencies of those other two. Somebody somewhere once suggested that they might have been written by William Rowley. Why not by Edward Sharpham? There are scenes as unsavoury and unseemly to the sight and taste of modern readers or playgoers in other plays by other poets and dramatists of the time not unworthy to serve as lieutenants or ensigns under the command of Shakespeare. Where are there such strokes of profound and sublime humour, of passionate and living truth?

The romantic and pathetic beauty of the last act is no more out of keeping with the rest of the play than is the conclusion of "The Winter's Tale." One only among the greatest of all poets could have imagined anything so lovely and made it so sublime. The mere romance of it has a charm which none but Shakespeare could have given to the simple old story of accidental adventure and supernatural commonplace; but the natural intensity of emotion rather transfused than translated into perfect speech raises it high above the level of mere mediæval

PERICLES

romance, and proves that there is less difference of poetic rank between Chaucer and Gower than between Shakespeare and Chaucer. In all earlier English poetry there is nothing so tender as the interview of the shattered father with his restored child. And there is no falling off in what follows, even to the end. And no praise could be higher than this.

The moral or spiritual charm of Shakespeare's work is as nearly indefinable as it is incomparable. There are touches or strokes of something like it now and then in Homer and the Hebrews ; but they flash across the text and pass away. Divine atrocity and human savagery combine to efface the impression of moral beauty which even in the work of Æschylus and of Sophocles is less perfect and less final than in the unapproachable work of Shakespeare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PERICLES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, }
ESCANES, } two lords of Tyre.

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.

CLEON, governor of Tarsus.

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, his servant.

The daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

A Bawd.

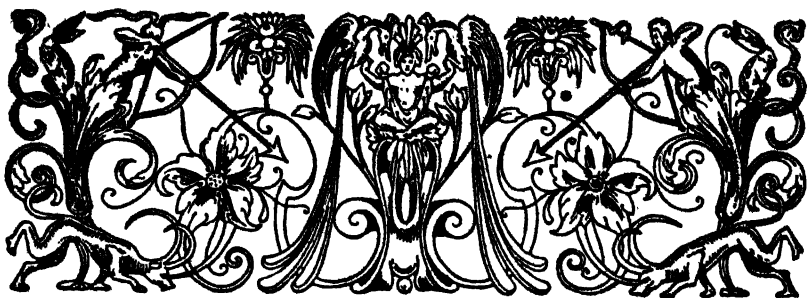
Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and
Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Dispersedly in various countries.*

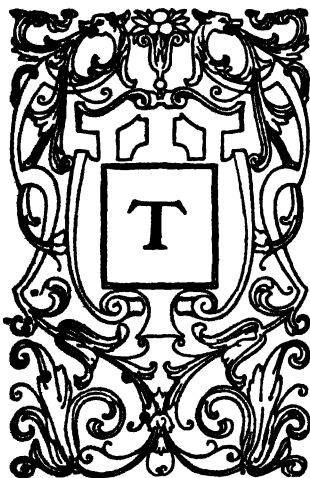
¹ This play, which was published in Quarto in 1609, when it went through two editions, was reprinted in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was excluded from the Folios of 1623 and 1632, but was appended to the Third Folio, 1664, and to the Fourth Folio, 1685. The Third Folio was the first of the early editions to supply (somewhat incorrectly) a list of the "dramatis personæ," or to divide the whole play into acts. A fuller list of "the names of the personages" precede the novel of *Pericles* by George Wilkins, which paraphrased the play (1608).



ACT I

Enter GOWER

Before the palace of Antioch



TO SING A SONG THAT
old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is
come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please
your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:.
The purchase is to make men
glorious;

Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times

10

2 *ancient Gower*] The mediæval poet, Gower, told, about 1390, the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*, and on Gower's version the drama is largely based. The story, which has been traced to a Greek novel, had an universal vogue in mediæval Europe.

- When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 • Waste it for you like taper-light.
 This Antioch then ~~Antiochus the Great~~
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria:
 * I tell you what mine authors say: 20
 This king unto him took a fere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe and full of face
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none:
 But custom what they did begin
 Was, with long use account no sin. 30
 The beauty of this sinful dame

6 *ember-eves*] eves preceding Ember days, which were seasons of fasting at four periods of the year. *holy ales*] church festivals on saints' days. This reading is Farmer's emendation, for the sake of rhyme, of the original reading *holy days*.

9 *purchase*] profit or gain, as at I, ii, 72, *infra*: "I sought the purchase [i. e., acquisition, gain] of a glorious beauty."

21 *ferè*] The Quartos read *Peere*, for which Malone substituted *pheere*, an accepted variant of "fere," an old word for "mate" or "companion."

23 *full of face*] plump of face.

Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I—ANTIOCH

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES *and* Followers

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

40 *yon grim looks*] the ghastly faces of heads cut off by the executioner,
 some of which in Shakespeare's time usually adorned London Bridge.
 Gower in his *Confessio* writes of the heads of the unsuccessful suitors
 "standing on the gate."

41-42 *What . . . justify*] What follows I offer to the judgment of those
 among you who can best realise the veracity of my story.

PERICLES

ACT I

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter

PER. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 You gods that made me man and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am soft and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANT. Prince Pericles, —

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.*

8-11 *At whose conception . . . perfections*] At the princess' conception until the date of her birth, nature endowed her with qualities which made her presence glad; all the planets sat in formal session together, in order to unite in her all the virtues which they control. The phrase "The senate-house of planets" is similarly used by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*, Book II (ed. 1674, p. 121, ll. 47-48). Cf. Milton, *P. L.*, VIII, 511-513: "all *Heaven, And happy constellations*, on that hour Shed their selectest influence." *

ANT. Before thee stands this fair *Hesperides*,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must;
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror;
 Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
 I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
 Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
 And all good men, as every prince should do;

27 *Hesperides*] As in *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 337, *Hesperides* is treated as the name of the garden, whereas in classical literature that word is exclusively applied to the custodians of the garden.

33 *heap*] bulk, body.

40 *For going . . . net*] For fear of entering the net of death.

My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

ANT. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you."

56 *conclusion*] problem. The word is used in the same sense by Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, I, 246.

59 'say'd] The original reading is *sayd* or *said*. But the context makes it clear that the word is an abbreviation of "essayed" or "assayed." *Of all 'say'd* means "of all that have yet made trial."

62-63 *Nor ask advice . . . courage*] The phrase comes directly from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III (ed. 1674, p. 253, line 10).

[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
 You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For ~~that~~ 's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
 Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

. PER. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:

72 *Sharp physic is the last*] A bitter potion is the last line of the just-quoted riddle.

76 *Fair glass of light*] Mirror of beauty.

79 *For he's no man . . . wait*] He is no man of perfect virtues.

87 *touch not, upon thy life*] The king protests against Pericles touching the hand of his daughter.

93 *braid*] upbraid, reproach.

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear 99
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
 Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first being bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

ANT. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has
 found the meaning:

But I will gloze with him. — Young Prince of Tyre, 110
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;

96-102 *For vice repeated . . . doth die for 't*] The general sense is, that those who repeat to the world the vices of princes find that their intelligence spreads quickly and widely. But the exposure leaves no permanent effects. The harmful report is rejected by those whom it pains. Only the informer is exposed to ruin and death.

101 *Copp'd*] This epithet, which means rounded or cupola shaped, was frequently applied to mansions with a cupola on the roof. The most famous "Copped Hall" in Elizabethan London was near the present Vauxhall Station, London.

throng'd.] crowded, pressed, crushed. Cf. II, i, 73, *infra*: "A man throng'd up with cold."

113 *cancel of*] The Folios read *cancel off*. The Quartos read *counsell of*.

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

The line means, "we might proceed to deliberate how long you shall be allowed to live."

127 *Where*] Whereas.

135 *Blush not in actions*] The ellipse of the relative pronoun "who," before "blush," is very characteristic of the non-Shakespearean portions of this play.

PERICLES

ACT I

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
 mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there? 150

Enter THALIARD

THAL. Doth your highness call?

ANT. Thaliard,
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
 Her private actions to your secrecy:
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,

140 *targets . . . shame*] the shields, which protect from shame.

153 *partakes*] Shakespeare occasionally uses "partake" transitively in the sense of "impart."

SCENE II

PERICLES

Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THAL.

My Lord,

'T is done.

160

ANT. Enough.

Enter a Messenger

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

MESS. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit.*

• ANT.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot

From a well experienced archer hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return

Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

THAL. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,

169

I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be
dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. •

[*Exit.*

SCENE II—TYRE

'A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter PERICLES

PER. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why
should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

1 *change of thoughts*] thus the Quartos and the Folios, for which Malone substituted *change of thoughts, i. e., burden of cares.* "Change of

PERICLES

ACT I

Be my so used a 'guest as not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
 And so with me: the great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
 With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,

thoughts" probably means "change in disposition of mind," i. e.,
 this unusual propensity to melancholy.

3 *Be my*] This is Dyce's emendation of the early reading *By me*, which
 is unintelligible.

12 *by mis-dread*] owing to dread of evil.

15 *cares*] makes provision that.

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist, • •
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords

FIRST LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

SEC. LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable!

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
 They do abuse the king that flatter him:
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
 Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
 Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks? 51

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord:

44 *Signior Sooth*] Master Flatterer. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 196 : "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence
They have their nourishment?

PER. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

HEL. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

PER. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself. 70
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,

62 *their faults hid*] Dyce reasonably suggested *chid* for the original reading *hid*. The meaning then would be that kings should not "let" (*i. e.*, hinder) their ears from hearing their faults chidden. The old reading *hid* gives a complicated sense, implying that kings should not "let" (*i. e.*, suffer) their faults be palliated or glozed over in speech.

73 *From . . . propagate*] There is some ellipsis after this line. The mean-

Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it, —

HEL.●

Alas, sir!

ing may be, "whence I might propagate an issue such as constitutes strength for princes," etc.

78 *smooth*] stroke, caress, flatter.

86 *doubt it*] *doubt*, in the sense of "fear" or "suspect," is Malone's emendation for the Quarto reading *doo't* and the Folio reading *think*.

The change is justified by the repetition of "doubt" at line 90.

89 *unlaid open* | not laid open, concealed.

PER. Drew^u sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be. 110

PER. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he^t wrong my liberties in my absence?

HEL. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus *
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

100 to grieve them] The earliest Quartos read *grieve for them*, which suggests the requisite sense of "lament for them," "lament the fate of those who suffer in war."

I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
 But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—TYRE

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

Enter THALIARD

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's

122 *in our orbs*] in our respective spheres. The use of "round" in the sense of "perfect," "self-contained," is doubtless suggested by Hor. *Sgt.*, II, vii, 86 (of the wise man), "*totus teres atque rotundus.*"

124 *subject's shine*] the brilliance of a subject. "Shine" is used substantively, as in "sunshine."

3-6 *Well . . . secrets*] Cf. Barnabe Rich's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 27: "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the king, that your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*"

PERICLES

ACT I

bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush!
here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other Lords

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 10
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

THAL. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch —

THAL. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

HEL. Royal Antiochus — on what cause I know not —
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so: 20
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged
now, although I would; but since he's gone, the king's
seas must please: he'scaped the land, to perish at the
sea. I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come 30
With message unto princely Pericles;

27 *must please*] must do their pleasure, treat him as they will. Many
changes have been suggested for this, the original reading, which makes,
however, adequate sense.

But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter CLEON the Governor of Tarsus, *with* DIONYZA and *others*

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher,
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
~~Here~~ they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

35-36 *We have . . . not to us*] There is an ellipse of some word after "desire it." The meaning is, "There is no reason why we should desire the message to be divulged, *seeing that it is addressed to our master, not to us.*"

8-9 *Here they're . . . higher rise*] These are obscure lines. Many changes have been suggested. "With mischief's eyes" seems to mean "with malignant eyes." "Topp'd" in the next line means "lopped" or "pruned." The meaning generally seems to be that the mere sense or experience of sorrow is aggravated by the presence of a malignant spectator, in the same way as groves of trees grow faster in the process of pruning. The metaphor is very clumsy.

ACT I

10

20

20

30

30

[22]

DIO. O, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,

These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,

Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As houses are defiled for want of use,

They are now starved for want of exercise:

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,

40

Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:

Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they loved.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.*

Is not this true?

50

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,

36 *creatures*] creature comforts, things which minister to material comfort.

39 *yet two summers younger*] This happy emendation is derived from the parallel passage in Wilkins' Novel based on the play. The original reading, *yet too sauers younger*, is nonsense.

42 *nouse up*] pamper. The word is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, but is not uncommon in contemporary literature.

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord

LORD. Where 's the lord governor?

CLE. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore, 60
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome. 70

LORD. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:

63-64 *One sorrow . . . inheritor*] Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 75-76: "When sorrows come, they come not *single spies*, But in *battalions*."

67 *Hath*] Rowe's emendation of the original reading *That*.

70 *Whereas . . . overcome*] Where no glory is to be obtained from the victory.

74 *like him 's . . . repeat*] like the man who is unprepared to recite the proverb, which is quoted in the next line.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

80

LORD. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

90

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

88 *consist*] used in its Latin sense of "stand upon."

92-94 *you happily may think . . . overthrow*] "Happily" is here equivalent to "haply," "perchance." The phrase, "expecting overthrow," is out of its place, and is in apposition to "you" (line 92).

PERICLES

ACT I

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men. 100

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, — the which I hope shall ne'er be seen —
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

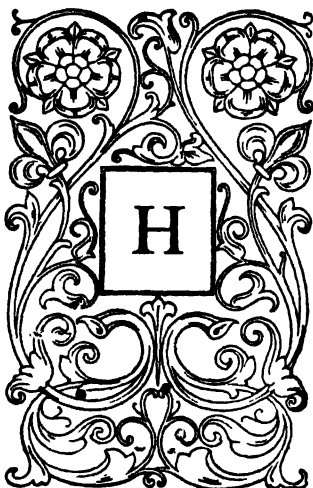
104 *succeed their evils*] follow their wickedness.



ACT SECOND

GOWER

Enter GOWER



HERE HAVE YOU SEEN A
mighty king

His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in
deed and word.

Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.

I'll show you those in troubles
reign,

Losing a mite, a mountain gain.

The good in conversation,

To whom I give my benison, 10

Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;

4 *awful*] deserving of awe, commanding respect.

7-8 *those . . . gain*] those who reign amid troubles and after suffering
small and temporary injury obtain great good fortune.

9 *The good in conversation*] The prince good in conduct.

12 *Thinks . . . can*] Thinks all that he can speak is holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive; 20
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet that the ship

22 *Sends word*] A happy emendation, suggested by Wilkins's Novel, of the old text of the play, which reads "Sau'd one."

Should house him safe is wreck'd and^osplit;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower, — this longs the text. [Exit. 40

SCENE I—PENTAPOLIS

AN OPEN PLACE BY THE SEA-SIDE

Enter PERICLES, wet

PER. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave. 10

32 *Should house*] The relative "which" is omitted before "should."

Enter three Fishermen

FIRST FISH. What, ho, Pilch!

SEC. FISH. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

FIRST FISH. What, Patchbreech, I say!

THIRD FISH. What say you, master?

FIRST FISH. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

THIRD FISH. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISH. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to²⁰ hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

THIRD FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driv-³⁰ ing the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PER. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

12 *What, ho, Pilch*] Malone's emendation of the early reading, *What, to pelch*?

17 *with a wanion*] an imprecatory expletive, "with a mischief," "with a vengeance," "with a curse."

THIRD FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

SEC. FISH. Why, man?

THIRD FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept ⁴⁰ such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, —

PER. [*Aside*] Simonides!

THIRD FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men;

And from their watery empire recollect

50

All that may men approve or men detect! —

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

SEC. FISH. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

42 *left*] left off, ceased, desisted.

48 *finny*] The old text reads *fenny*. Wilkins's Novel reads "finny subjects."

51 *All . . . detect*] All that may illustrate men's good actions or discover their bad.

54 *search out the calendar*] This is the original reading. The fisherman seems to resent the tone of condescending patronage which Pericles, in his helpless plight, appears to them to imply by his use of the epithet "honest." Ironically the speaker adds: "If this be one of your lucky days, you had better find what mark it bears in the calendar, and then if it be erased, nobody will miss it (seeing what it has brought you

PER. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

SEC. FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball 60
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

FIRST FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's
them in our country of Greece gets more with begging
than we can do with working.

SEC. FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practised it.

SEC. FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for
here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst 70
fish for 't.

PER. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

FIRST FISH. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm.

to)." Calendars often distinguished by signs lucky and unlucky days.
Many editors endeavour without much success to elucidate the pas-
sage by substituting *scratch out* for *search out*.

56 *May see*] An abbreviation of "You may see." Steevens suggested
Nay, see.

73 *throng'd up*] overcome, oppressed, overcharged. Cf. I, i, 101, *supra*,
and note.

Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come; thou shalt⁸⁰
go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for
fasting-days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

SEC. FISH. Hark you, my friend; you said you could
not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

SEC. FISH. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too,
and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?⁹⁰

SEC. FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office
than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.]

PER. *[Aside]* How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour!

FIRST FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PER. Not well.

FIRST FISH. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Penta-
polis, and our king the good Simonides.

PER. The good Simonides, do you call him?

FIRST FISH. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called¹⁰¹
for his peaceable reign and good government.

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his
subjects the name of good by his government. How far
is his court distant from this shore?

FIRST FISH. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and
I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is
her birthday; and there are princes and knights come

from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there. 110

FIRST FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net

SEC. FISH. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; 120 And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me,

112-113 *what . . . soul*] In this obscure passage the intention seems to be that what a man fails to get directly, he may lawfully haggle for or get indirectly, and that haggling is especially justified when, for example, one seeks so elusive a possession as his wife's soul. The original text has no hyphen after "for." *Steal for deal* has been widely adopted. That would imply that theft is permissible for the good of one's wife's soul.

116 *bots on 't*] a vulgar execration, "bots" being the worms that breed in horses.

119 *thy*] This word is omitted from the original text. Malone inserted *my*, but the corresponding passage in Wilkins's *Novel* shows *thy* to be correct. Pericles there "thanks Fortune that after all *her* crosses Shee had yet given him somewhat to repair his fortunes."

With this strict charge, even as he left his 'life,'
 "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
 'Twixt me and death:" — and pointed to this brace —
 "For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity —
 The which the gods protect thee from! — may defend
 thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 *Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again: 130
 I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

FIRST FISH. What mean you, sir?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth
 For it was sometime target to a king;
 I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
 And for his sake I wish the having of it;
 And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
 And if that ever my low fortune 's better, 140
 I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

FIRST FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PER. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

FIRST FISH. Why, do'st take it, and the gods give
 thee good on 't!

SEC. FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we

125 brace] armour for the arm, from the French "bras." Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, iii, 297, *vantbrace* (i. e., *avant-bras*).

132 father's gift] Malone's emendation of the original reading, *Father gaue*.

134-135 coat . . . target] Coat or suit of armour . . . shield, protection.

that made 'up this garment through the rough seams of
the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence
you had them. 150

PER. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases. 159

SEC. FISH. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to
the court myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

147 *made up*] got up, rescued.

148 *condolements . . . vails*] solatium . . . perquisites, tips.

153 *rapture*] The old text reads *rupture*, but Wilkins's *Nova* reads *here*
raptures, which was adopted by Rowe. Both "*rapture*" and "*rup-*
ture" imply violence.

154 *holds his building*] has its setting or place.

159 *bases*] skirts worn by jousting on horseback. Cf. Massinger's *Pic-*
ture, II, i, "your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

SCENE II—THE SAME

*A PUBLIC WAY OR PLATFORM LEADING TO THE
LISTS. A PAVILION BY THE SIDE OF IT FOR
THE RECEPTION OF THE KING, PRINCESS,
LORDS, etc.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

FIRST LORD. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and seeing wonder at. *[Exit a Lord.]*

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIM. It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

8-9 *express . . . less*] exaggerate the praises of me, whose merits fall below them.

14 *entertain*] This is the original reading, for which Malone and Steevens substituted *explain*. The latter is the meaning required by the context.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents
his shield to the Princess*

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun; 20
The word, "Lux tua vita mihi."

SIM. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[The Second Knight passes.]

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, "Piu por dulzura que por
fuerza." *[The Third Knight passes.]*

SIM. And what 's the third?

THAI. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, "Me pompæ provexit apex." 30
[The Fourth Knight passes.]

21 "*Lux tua vita mihi*" "*Thy light is life to me.*" These Latin mottoes were attached to the pictorial illustrations or devices which were painted on the shields of those taking part in tournaments. "*Impresa*" was the technical name of picture and motto combined. Many collections of "*imprese*" were published in Italy, France, and England, and from popular volumes of this kind in Shakespeare's day, the "*imprese*" described in this scene were drawn. See Green, *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, 1870, Chapter V, pp. 156-186.

27 "*Piu . . . fuerza*" "*More by gentleness than by force.*" "*Piu*" is Italian; the rest of the words are Spanish.

30 "*Me pompæ provexit apex*" "*The crown of triumph has incited me.*"

SIM. What is the fourth?

THAI. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, "Quod me alit, me extinguit."

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

•• [The Fifth Knight passes.

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, "Sic spectanda fides."

[The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.

SIM. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

THAI. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, "In hac spe vivo."

SIM. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

FIRST LORD. He had need mean better than his out-
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears

To have practised more the whipstock than the lance. 50

"The wreath of chivalry," or chaplet of laurels, of line 29, was a reward of victors in mediæval tournaments.

33 *Quod me alit, me extinguit*] "That which nourishes me, extinguishes me."

38 *"Sic spectanda fides"*] "So fidelity is to be proved."

44 *"In hac spe vivo"*] "In this hope I live."

SEC. LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

THIRD LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIM. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.]

[Great shouts within, and all cry "The mean knight!"]

SCENE III—THE SAME

A HALL OF STATE: A BANQUET PREPARED

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants

SIM. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

THAI. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

10

56-57 scan . . . *inward man*] The words are here inverted, the meaning
being that we scan the inward man by the outward habit.

59 [Stage direction] "*The mean knight*"] The meanly apparelled knight.

6 Since . . . *itself*] Since all merit wins commendation when it is seen in
action.

PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast, —

For, daughter, so you are, — here take your place:

Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. ²⁰

SIM. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

MARSHAL. Sir, yonder is your place.

PER. Some other is more fit.

FIRST KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise.

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sir, sit.

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cats resist me, he not thought upon.

THAI. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, • ³⁰

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,

Wishing him my meat. — Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He's but a country gentleman;

¹⁷ *labour'd*] fully perfected.

²⁹ *These cates . . . upon*] Thus all the early editions. The meaning seems to be: These dainties repel me when I cease to think of the knight. Thought of the knight is needful sauce to these dainties.

PERICLES

ACT II

Has done 'no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

THAI. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. [*Aside*] Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;

40

None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

KNIGHTS. Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIM. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim, — 50
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips, —
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

50 *stored*] The early texts have *stur'd* and *stirr'd*, which Malone and Steevens changed to *stor'd*, i. e., "filled," "replenished." If *stirr'd* be adopted, the meaning is that the liquor bubbles to the brim of the cup.

56 *a show . . . worth*] a magnificence that might be equivalent to his merit.

THAI. What is 't to me, my father?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:

60

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

70

SIM. How!

Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

THAI. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better.

SIM. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of
him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAI. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

80

63-64 *gnats*, . . . *wonder'd at*] gnats, which make so much noise, excite,
when killed, wonder by their insignificance.

65 *entrance*] his coming amongst us; the word is here a trisyllable,

PER. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles;
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. 90

SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd. 100
Come, sir, here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

88 *been*] Thus the early text. The grammar requires *has been*. The fifth Quarto substituted *bring*, which Malone adopted.

95 *as you are address'd*] The phrase is equivalent to "your present habiliments," and serves as subject of the verb "will become." "Address'd" is accoutred for the tournament.

97-98 *I will not . . . Loud music*] I will not have you excuse yourselves by saying that the loud sound produced by clash of arms is too harsh, &c.

SCENE IV

PERICLES

Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

PER. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

SIM. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. *[The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[To Pericles] But you the best. Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir, ¹¹⁰
We have given order to be next our own.

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — TYRE

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot

PERICLES

ACT II

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, 10
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCA. 'T was very strange.

HEL. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCA. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords

FIRST LORD. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

SEC. LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

THIRD LORD. And cursed be he that will not second it. 20

FIRST LORD. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

FIRST LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the
top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

HEL. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince
you love.

FIRST LORD. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Heli-
cane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there; 30
And be resolved he lives to govern us;

Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

SEC. LORD. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in
our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head, —
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin — your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

ALL. Live, noble Helicane!

40

HEL. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

50

FIRST LORD. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

34 *the strongest in our censure*] the most probable in our opinion.

41 *For honour's cause*] A reasonable emendation for the original reading
Try honours cause.

52-53 *if you . . . crown*] if you can bring him back, you shall be ac-
knowledged the brightest ornaments of his crown,

PERICLES

ACT II

And since Lörd Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — PENTAPOLIS

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door: the
Knights meet him*

FIRST KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

SEC. KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIM. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery; 10
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT. Loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

SIM. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in 't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

20

Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!

SIM. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to
you

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

SIM. Sir, you are music's master. •

30

PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

SIM. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think
of my daughter, sir?

PER. A most virtuous princess.

SIM. And she is fair too, is she not?

PER. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

SIM. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

40

SIM. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

PER. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'T is the king's subtilty to have my life. —
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

PER. By the gods, I have not: 50
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor!

SIM. Ay, traitor.

PER. Even in his throat — unless it be the king —
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause, 60
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

49 *Thou hast . . . daughter*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, i, 27, "This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child," and *Othello*, I, ii, 73, "thou hast practised on her with foul charms."

61 *her state*] Thus the old text. Wilkins's *Novel* supports the proposed change, "your state."

SIM. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA

•PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

THAI. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart. —
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself. —

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine, — and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I'll make you —
Man and wife:

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief, — God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

THAI.

Yes, if you love me, sir.

65] Cf. *Othello*, I, iii, 170: "Here comes the lady; let her witness it."

PERICLES

ACT II

PER. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

SIM. What, are you both agreed?

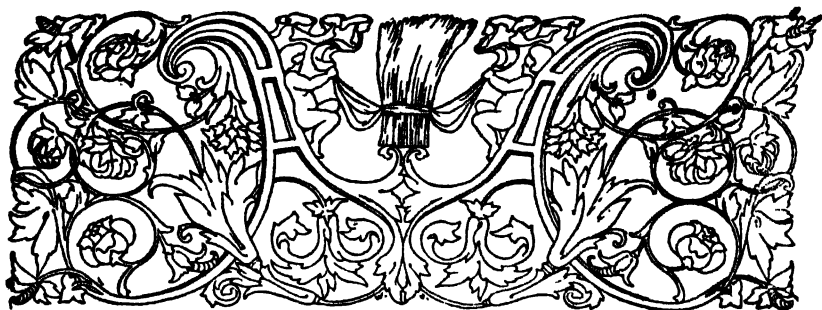
BOTH. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

90

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

88 *Even as . . . fosters it*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.



ACT THIRD

Enter GOWER

GOWER



NOW SLEEP Y-SLAKED
hath the rout;
No din but snores the house
about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed
breast
Of this most pompous marriage-
feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning
coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's
hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's
mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent

[53]

With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter; PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides

20

- 13 *quaintly eche*] Malone's emendation of the original reading, *quaintly each*. "Eche" in the sense of "eke out," "supply," is so spelt in the original text of *Hen. V*, Act III, prol. 35: "And *eche out* our performance with your mind."
- 15 *By many a dern and painful perch*] Through many a hidden (or solitary) and laborious measure of land. "Dern" was in common use in early English. "Perch" is here used in a similar way to "mile," for a stretch of country.
- 17 *four opposing coigns*] four corners or quarters (of the globe).
- 21 *Can stead the quest*] Can befriend or serve the search.

Are letters brought, the tenour these: •
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 "Our heir-apparent is a king!
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child makes her desire — 40
 Which who shall cross? — along to go.
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea: their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grisled north

29 *oppress*] repress, suppress. The emendation *t' appease* is supported by the language of Wilkins's Novel.

36 *can*] Malone suggested '*gan*', which gives the right meaning. But "*can*" was often used by Elizabethan writers in a very similar sense.

47 *the grisled north*] the horrid north wind. Thus the First Quarto; all other early editions read *grisley*, *i. e.*, grisly. *Grisled* was not infrequently used in the same sense.

Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives: 50
 The lady shrieks and well-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit. 60

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard

PER. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
 hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
 Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench

51 *well-a-near*] Wilkins's Novel reads here *well a day*, the commoner form of the exclamation.

53 *fell*] the reading of the First Quarto, for which all the other early editions misprint *self*.

1 *great vast*] great waste, void. This is the first scene of the play which can with confidence be assigned to Shakespeare's pen.

Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida! — Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

10

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a
 place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

PER. How, how, Lychorida!

LYC. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,
 A little daughter: for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

20

PER. O you gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We here below

8 *Wilt . . . thyself*] Wilt thou upheave all, thy being? Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 44, 45: "The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head *Spits* in the face of heaven."

11 *midwife*] Steevens's happy emendation of the original reading *my wife*.

16 *conceit*] thought, consciousness.

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

LYC. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

PER. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors

FIRST SAIL. What courage, sir? God save you!

PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;

26 *use*] share. Steevens substituted *vie*, i. e., "contend in honour with you."

29 *conditions*] dispositions. Cf. *Othello*, IV, i, 189: "of so gentle a *condition*."

30-31 *Thou art . . . child*] Wilkins's Novel seems to give the full and correct reading: "Poor inch of nature, thou art as rudely welcome to the world as ever princesse babe was." "Poor inch of nature," a true Shakespearcan touch, is omitted from the play.

35 *Thy loss . . . quit*] Thy loss is greater than thy safe carriage to port can make good.

39 *flaw*] squall.

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love⁴⁰
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

FIRST SAIL. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

* SEC. SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

FIRST SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship
be cleared of the dead.

PER. That 's your superstition. 50

FIRST. SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

PER. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

LYC. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
F'orgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; 60
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale

43 *bolins*] no uncommon spelling of bow-lines, the ropes which steady a sail
when the wind is unfavourable.

52 *strong in custom*] sticklers for tradition. The original text has *strong*
in costerne, which is difficult to explain.

62 *aye-remaining lamps*] everlasting lamps, such as were wont to burn
in sepulchral monuments. The original reading is *ayre remaining*
lamps.

PERICLES

ACT III

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

SEC. SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, ⁷⁰
caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

SEC. SAIL. We are near Tarsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

SEC. SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner: ⁸⁰
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

67 *satin coffer*] coffer lined with satin. According to III, ii, 70, *infra*,

Thaisa was "shrouded in cloth of state."

75 *Alter thy course for Tyre*] Alter thy course, which is set for Tyre, to Tarsus.

SCENE II—EPHESUS

'A ROOM IN CERIMON'S HOUSE

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have
been shipwrecked*

CER. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SERV. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the
'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen*

FIRST GENT. Good morrow. 10

SEC. GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

CER. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

FIRST GENT. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

• SEC. GENT. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
 forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest

FIRST SERV. So; lift there.

CER. What's that? 50

FIRST SERV. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
 This chest: 't is of some wreck.

41 *treasure*] Stevens's emendation for the old reading *pleasure*. The passage emphasises the futility of hoarding wealth, which may satisfy the foolish owner, but whets death's appetite for destruction. The most familiar collocation of "fool" and "death" in Shakespeare is in *Meas. for Meas.*, III, i, 11, "merely, thou art *death's fool*;" and though the resemblance between that passage and the present be superficial, both vaguely suggest that folly is death's special prey.

48 *shall never . . .*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other early editions supply the word *decay*. Some such addition is needful to the sense. Dyce proposed *raze*.

CER. 'Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

SEC. GENT. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

CER. Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us. *

SEC. GENT. 'T is so, my lord.

CER. How close 't is caulk'd and bitumed! Did the ⁶⁰
sea cast it up?

FIRST SERV. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as
toss'd it upon shore.

CER. Wrench it open: soft! it smells most sweetly
in my sense.

SEC. GENT. A delicate odour.

CER. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

FIRST GENT. Most strange!

CER. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entrea- ⁷⁰
sured with full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo,
perfect me in the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.*]

“ Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king :

58 *'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches]* It is a good thing that fortune has compelled it to belch.

71 *A passport too! Apollo]* Malone's correction of the original reading, *A passport to Apollo.*

Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !”

80

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

SEC. GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. [*Exit a servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead,

90

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!

The music there! I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

95 *viol*] Thus the first three Quartos. Other early editions read *vial*, i. e., a bottle of perfume. But both the preceding and succeeding lines suggest the reference to an instrument of music.

97 *Gentlemen, etc.*] The original text divides the lines here differently. The accepted division is that adopted by Malone and Steevens.

Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow 100
Into life's flower again!

FIRST GENT. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [She moves.

THAI. O dear Diana, 110
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

SEC. GENT. Is not this strange?

FIRST GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [Exeunt, carrying her away.

104 *eyelids, cases*] Cf. V, i, 110, *infra*, and *Wint. Tale*, V, ii, 11-12: "they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes."

106 *fringes*] Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 408, "The fringed curtains of thine eye."

107 *water*] technically applied to the "lustre" or "brilliance" of a diamond.

SCENE III—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with
MARINA in her arms*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

DION. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you

3 *litigious*] disputed, depending on the uncertainties of negotiation or
litigation.

6-7 *shafts . . . hurt . . . wanderingly*] Steevens's correction of the origi-
nal text, which reads here *strokes . . . haunt* [or *hate*] . . . *won-*
deringly.

To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the
shore,

21 *common body*] common people; so in *Cor.*, II, ii, 51.

29 *Unscissar'd*] Thus Wilkins's Novel in the corresponding passage. All
early editions of the play read *unsistered*.

30 *ill*] Malone's emendation of the old reading *will*. Pericles says in
Wilkins's Novel that his hair will remain "all uncomely."

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—EPHESUS

A ROOM IN CERIMON'S HOUSE

Enter CERIMON and THAISA

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

THAI. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,

36 *mask'd Neptune*] The original reading, "Mask'd" means "masked in stillness," "fair seeming."

37-41 *I will embrace . . . Come, my lord*] This passage, printed as prose in the early editions, was restored to verse by Malone.

PERICLES

ACT III

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

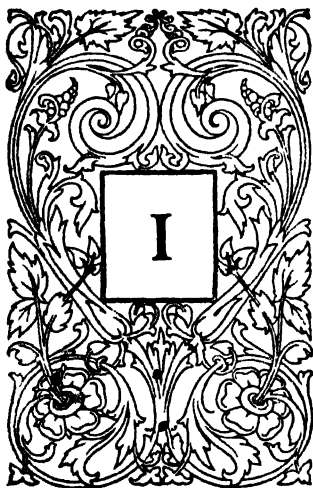
14 *date*] appointed term of life. Cf. *Sonnet* cxxiii, 5: "Our *dates* are brief."



ACT FOURTH

Enter GOWER

GOWER



MAGINE PERICLES AR-

rived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own
desire.

His woeful queen we leave at
Ephesus,

Unto Diana there as a yotaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene
must find

At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack

10

10 *makes her . . . heart*] The early editions read *makes hie* [i. e., high] *both the art*. The correction is due to Steevens. "Heart and place" means "centre and abiding-place."

Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be: 20
 Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needle wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill 30
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow

15 *in this kind*] in this manner.

17 *ripe . . . rite*] The first Quarto reads, "Even *right* for marriage *sight*." The second Quarto substituted *ripe* for *right*. Percy proposed *rites* for *sight*. More recent editors have adopted *rite*.

21 *sleided silk*] raw, untwisted silk. The phrase recurs in "Lover's Complaint," 48.

26-27 *night-bird . . . moan*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, V, iv, 5-6, "to the night-
ingale's complaining notes Tune my distresses and record my
woes."

32 *Paphos*] A shrine of Venus, who was attended by doves. Cf. *Tempest*,

Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

IV, i, 92-94: "I met her Deity Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son *Dove-drawn* with her."

44-45 *pregnant . . . Prest*] Both words here mean "ready." For "prest" cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 160, and note.

47-48 *Only . . . rhyme*] In my slowly-spoken verse I make time fly post-haste.

SCENE I—TARSUS

AN OPEN PLACE NEAR THE SEA-SHORE

Enter DIONYZA with LEONINE

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to
do 't:

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods should have her.¹⁰
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolved?

LEON. I am resolved.

1 *etc.* *Thy oath remember, etc.*] In the original edition almost the whole of
this scene is printed as prose. Rowe first divided the lines into verse.
5-6 *inflaming . . . nicely*] The early Quartos read, "*in flaming thy*
love bosom." The Folios make *inflaming* a single word. The
collocation of "*inflaming*" and "*in flame*" renders the text suspi-
cious. Various changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *enforcing*
for *inflaming*, and *inform* for *in flame*. The meaning seems to be
that conscience, which has just been lulled to insensibility or
become cold, must not, by stirring love or pity, be suffered to work
too scrupulously.

8 *A soldier to thy purpose*] A man of resolute courage.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers

MAR. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

20

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

30

MAR. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;

14 *Tellus . . . weed*] "Tellus," Latin for "earth," is the Earth personified. "Weed" means "garment."

15 *green*] the green grass about thy grave.

21 *Whirling*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other editions read *Hurrying*.

27 *ere the sea mar it*] Thus the original reading, for which many changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *on the sea margent*. The "it" probably refers to the wreath of flowers.

I love the king your father and yourself
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, 40
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
 Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
 Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood: 50
 What! I must have care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit Dioniza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

37 *paragon . . . reports*] our paragon of beauty according to all reports.

40 *No care . . . courses*] no attention to what was best for you.

41-48 *reserve . . . young and old*] Like words and phrases figure in the *Sonnets*. Cf. *Sonnet* xxxii, 7, "*Reserve* them [*i. e.*, preserve them] for my love," and xx, 8-9, "A man in hue . . . Which *steals* men's eyes." •

MAR. When I was born, the wind was horth.

LEON.

Was 't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
• And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this?

• MAR. When I was born:

60

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from t' ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

70

• MAR. • Why will you kill me?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

63 *A canvas-climber*] A sailor climbing the mast to furl or unfurl the sails. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act III, Prol. 8: "the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing."

"wilt out?" "wilt thou away?" "wilt thou go?" "cannot you hold on?" It is here an exclamation of surprise, on seeing the sailor swept away by the waves. "Dropping industry" in the next line means "occupation which involves risk of dropping into the sea."

PERICLES

ACT IV

MAR. Why' would she have me kill'd?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life:
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will,
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
 Or my life imply her any danger?

80

LEON. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I
 hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

90

LEON. I am sworn,
 And will dispatch.

[*He seizes her.*]

Enter Pirates

FIRST PIRATE. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*]

SEC. PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

THIRD PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come
 let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

Re-enter LEONINE

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
 Valdes;
 And they have seized Marina. Let her go: 99
 There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
 And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II—MYTILENE

A ROOM IN A BROTHEL

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, and BOULT

PAND. Boul't!

BOULT. Sir?

PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full
 of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being
 too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We
 have but poor three, and they can do no more than they

98 *roguing . . . Valdes*] Steevens substituted *roving* for *roguing*. But the latter word is not infrequently used for "vagrant." Valdes was the name of one of the chief admirals of the Spanish Armada. He was captured by Sir Francis Drake at sea, and sent prisoner to Dartmouth. In Robert Greene's novel of *The Spanish Masquerado* (1589), the fortunes of Admiral Don Pedro de Valdes are described in detail.
 4 *this mart*] during this season of traffic or market time.

PERICLES

ACT IV

can do;*and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

BAWD. Thou sayest true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, — as, I think, I have brought up some eleven —

BOULT. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

16 to eleven . . . again] to the age of eleven; and then ruined them.

18 stuff] Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV, iv, 155.

20 they're too] Malone's emendation of the original *ther's* (i. e., there's) two.

23 pooped] wrecked; a nautical metaphor.

25 chequins] a gold coin of Italy and Turkey, worth about eight shillings.

"Sequins" is another form of the same word.

26 proportion to live] portion to live on.

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er. 30

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA

BOULT. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin? 40

FIRST PIRATE. O, sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

BAWD. Boul't, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

29-30 *our credit . . . danger*] reputation does not come with the profit we derive from our trade, nor is the profit an equivalent for the risk we run.

32 *keep . . . hatched*] shut up the door, put up our shutters.

42 *gone through*] struck a dear bargain.

44 *earnest*] deposit.

47-48 *there 's no . . . refused*] there is no need to consider other qualities which might render her unacceptable.

BAWD! What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand ⁵⁰ pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]*

BAWD. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I ⁶⁰ command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. *[Exit.]*

MAR. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates, Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not. ⁷⁰

BAWD. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

⁷¹ *light*] ordinarily written "lit."

⁷³ *fault*] misfortune or injury.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears? 80

MAR. Are you a woman?

•BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

•BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, ⁹⁰ then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 102

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow. * 110

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 122

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

115 *we . . . sign*] we should get them to lodge here, while we had such a sign as this girl to attract company.

122 *mere*] undiluted, absolute.

128-129 *your bride . . . warrant*] even your bride shows some sense of shame when she goes the road which she has full legal warrant to go.

BOULT. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint, — 131

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report. 142

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 149
Diana, aid my purpose!

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

143-144 *thunder . . . eels*] Cf. Marston's *Satires*, Bk. II, vii, 204: "*Eels . . . that never will appear Till that tempestuous winds or thunder tear their slimy beds.*"

SCENE III—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

10

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say, so. Who can cross it?
'Unless you play the pious innocent,

11 *If thou hadst . . . him*] If you had, like a taster, drunk of the poisoned cup first, before he drank of it.

12 *fact*] the original reading. Steevens and Malone read *feat*. "Fact" is here used in the common sense of "deed."

17 *pious innocent*] words from Wilkins's Novel. The first three Quartos read *impious innocent*. Other early editions omit the epithet.

And for an honest attribute cry out
 "She died by foul play."

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
 Do like this worst.

20

DION. Be one of those that think
 The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame
 To think of what a noble strain you are
 And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding
 Who ever but his approbation added,
 Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
 From honourable sources.

DION. Be it so, then:
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
 She did distain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,

30

18 *for an honest attribute*] for the sake of qualifying for the name of an honest man.

27 *prime consent*] Dyce's emendation of the reading *prince consent* and *whole consent* of early editions. The meaning is that the man who merely gave his approval to such a deed after its committal, and was no accessory before the fact, shows himself of dishonourable strain.

31 *distain*] sully by contrast, throw into the shade. The original reading is *disdain*, which might mean "cause to be disdained."

You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it!

DION. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DION. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies: 50
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARIN^a at Tarsus

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;

38 *It greets me*] It salutes, is grateful to, me.

49-50 *You are . . . flies*] You are so fanatically humane that you would
complain to heaven of winter because it kills the flies.

2 *Sail seas in cockles*] Make, like the witches, a miraculous voyage by sea
in cockleshells.

Making, to take our imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language in each several clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 • To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
 • Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Helicanus goes along: behind
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanced in time to great and high estate.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tarsus, — think his pilot thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on, —
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20

3 *Making . . . imagination*] Travelling as our fancy takes us. *Our* is the original reading. Malone substituted *your*, which complicates the passage.

13-16 *Old Helicanus . . . estate*] This is substantially the reading of the early editions, with revised punctuation. Steevens and other editors suggested somewhat violent changes, which seem unnecessary. "Old Helicanus goes along" means that he "goes along with, accompanies, Pericles." "It" after "govern" is redundant.

18-19 *think his pilot . . . grow on*] Here the original editions read *Pilate* or *Pilate for pilot*, and *grone for grow on*. The corrections are due to Malone. The meaning is, "imagine swift thought to be his pilot; then shall your imagination keep pace with, keep up with, the king's progress."

20 *who first is gone*] who has left Tarsus before her father's arrival.

Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON, DIONYZA, and the rest

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

30

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]

"The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;

24 *This borrow'd passion . . . woe]* This reflected suffering, felt vicariously, is as great as the sense of sorrow in all its sincerity. *Old* has the intensive force of "real."

30 *mortal vessel]* body, corporeal frame. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, V, ii, 51, "mortal house."

Marina she was call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.

SCENE V — MYTILENE

A STREET BEFORE THE BROTHEL

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen

FIRST GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

SEC. GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as
 this, she being once gone.

39 *Thetis*] The sea nymph in Greek mythology, being daughter of Nereus
 and granddaughter of both Pontus and Oceanus, here stands, as in
 later Latin authors, for the sea itself.

42-43 *she does . . . flint*] the sea rages against the rocky shores, and swears
 she 'll never stop.

47 *bear his courses*] suffer his proceedings.

48 *scene*] Malone's correction of the original reading *steare*.

FIRST GENT. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

SEC. GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

FIRST GENT. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—THE SAME

A ROOM IN THE BROTHEL

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for c'kents her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

BOULT. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

13 *green sickness*] an anæmic ailment, to which young girls are subject.

BOULT. We should have both lord and low'n, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS

LYS. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

• BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour! 20

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

• LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity, have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

LYS. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say well 30 enough.

LYS. Well, call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

• LYS. What, prithee?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest.

• LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Exit Boul.

20 *to-bless*] an archaic intensive of "bless."

24 *iniquity*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other early editions read *impunity*, which Collier assumed to be a misprint for *impurity*.

38-39 *That dignifies . . . chaste*] An ironical suggestion that the mask

BAWD: *Here comes that which grows to the stalk; 40*
never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA

Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily 50
note him.

BAWD. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully 60
receive.

LYS. Ha' you done?

BAWD. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take

of modesty as much improves the standing of a procuress as it lends a reputation for virtue to a gang (or a number) of wantons; it diverts from the latter suspicion of unchastity.

62-63 *paced . . . manage*] technical terms of horsemanship. "Manage" means skill in the equestrian art.

some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.]

LYS. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it. 70

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. E'er since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place. 80

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

MAR. For me

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird 100
That flies i' the purer air!

LYS. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!

LYS. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and 110
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

92 *If put upon you*] If a position of honour were granted you, and you did not inherit it.

94 *Some more; be sage*] Get on with your moralising.

107 *be you thoughten*] bethink yourself, be assured.

110 *a piece of virtue*] Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 56: "Thy mother was a piece of virtue."

Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.* 119]

BOULT. How 's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall
undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways.
We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your
ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd

BAWD. How now! what's the matter? 130

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here
spoken holy words to Lord Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink
afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

122 *under the cope*] under the covering or canopy of heaven.

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball, saying his prayers too. 139

BAWD. Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.* 150

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MAR. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. 160
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

150 *rosemary and bays*] elaborate garniture of food, in habitual use at Christmas and other seasons of rejoicing; an ironical sneer at Marina's ostentatious display of virtue.

160 *Since . . . command*] They are better than you, because they only give the orders, but you carry them out.

Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the cholerick fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars,
would you? where a man may serve seven years for the
loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to
buy him a wooden one? 171

MAR. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, 180
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will. 191

MAR. But amongst honest women.

BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH

GOWER

Enter GOWER



ARINA THUS THE
brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story
says.
She sings like one immortal, and
she dances
As goddess-like to her admired
lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with
her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud,
bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the
natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain

10

7 *her art . . . roses*] her work is as like as a sister to real roses.

8 *inkle*] coarse tape or skein of worsted. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's
Scornful Lady, V, iii: "My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave *inkle*."

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit.

SCENE I—ON BOARD PERICLES' SHIP,
 OFF MYTILENE

*A CLOSE PAVILION ON DECK, WITH A CURTAIN
 BEFORE IT; PERICLES WITHIN IT, RECLINED
 ON A COUCH. A BARGE LYING BESIDE THE
 TYRIAN VESSEL*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other
 to the barge; to them HELICANUS*

TYR. SAIL. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is Lord
 Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

21-22 *In your supposing . . . Pericles* Call or conjure up in your
 mind's eye sorrow-stricken Pericles. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act III, Prol. 25:
 "Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege."

HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

FIRST GENT. Doth your lordship call?

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

*Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; with the
Gentlemen and the two Sailors*

TYR. SAIL. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HEL. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

30

LYS. May we not see him?

HEL. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

LYS. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

40

FIRST LORD. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

LYS. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,

26 *prorogue*] Thus the first three Quartos. The later Quartos read *prolong*, which gives the required sense.

40 *deafen'd*] Malone's correction of *defend* in the first Quarto, and *defended* of the other early editions.

Which now are midway stopp'd:
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,
 And with her fellow maids is now upon
 The leafy shelter that abuts against 50
 The Island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the*
barge of Lysimachus.

HEL. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
 That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
 We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
 That for our gold we may provision have,
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,
 But weary for the staleness.

LYS. O, sir, a courtesy
 Which if we should deny, the most just gods
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province. Yet once more 60
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
 But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady

LYS. O, here is
 The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! —
 Is 't not a goodly presence?

HEL. She 's a gallant lady.

LYS. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
 Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,

48 *She is . . . of all*] She is the happiest as she is the fairest of all women.

I 'ld wish⁷⁰ no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
 That none but I and my companion maid
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
 And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

MAR. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him. 80

MAR. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

PER. Hum, ha!

MAR. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
 My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: 90
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,

⁷¹ *prosperous and artificial feat*] *Feat* is Steevens's substitution for the original reading *fate*. Modern editors usually omit *and*. The words mean "felicitous and dexterous action."

And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear "Go not till he speak."

PER. My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

• PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that — What countrywoman? ¹⁰¹
Here of these shores?

MAR. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno; ¹¹⁰
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

⁹² *awkward casualties*] adverse misfortunes.

⁹⁹ *You would not . . . violence*] Marina's father, in the story on which the play is based, "rose in rage and stroke the maiden" at this point. The episode is implied in the play, but it is only referred to in this line.

¹⁰² *shores . . . shores*] Malone's correction of the original reading *shewes . . . shewes*.

¹⁰⁹⁻¹¹⁰ *her eyes . . . cased as richly*] Cf. III, ii, 104, *supra*: "Her eyelids *cases* to those heavenly *jewels*," and note.

PERICLES

ACT V

MAR. ' Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace 120
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back —
Which was when I perceived thee — that thou camest
From good descending?

MAR. So indeed I did.

PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, 130
If both were open'd.

MAR. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story;

116 *You . . . owe*] You enrich by owning.

125 *say*] Malone's correction of the original reading *stay*.

131 *open'd*] disclosed.

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part,
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
 Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
 Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. 140

MAR. My name is Marina.

• PER. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world to laugh at me.

MAR. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I'll cease.

PER. Nay, I'll be patient.
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

MAR. The name
 Was given me by one that had some power,
 My father, and a king.

PER. How! a king's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?

MAR. You said you would believe me;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 150
 I will end here.

PER. But are you flesh and blood?
 Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

137 *Patience*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iv, 113, "*patience* on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

137-138 *smiling Extremity out of act*] disarming, depriving of effect by a
 gracious smile the gravest calamity.

Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

MAR. Call'd Marina

For I was born at sea.

PER. At sea! what mother?

MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

PER. O, stop there a little!

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep 160
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried. — Well: where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You scorn: believe me, 't were best I did give
o'er.

PER. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

MAR. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, 170
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;

153 *Motion!*] Thus substantially read the early editions. Steevens substituted *No motion*, i. e., no puppet dressed up to deceive me. The reference seems more likely to be to the "power of movement" which Pericles may have detected in Marina by touching her "working pulse" (l. 152).

Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my lord?

180

* PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

HEL. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

LYS. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

PER. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.

190

191 *sea of joys*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 59, "*sea of troubles*."

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough, 200
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PER. I

Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end 210
The minute I began.

PER. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you. 220

205-206 *Thou hast . . . thy father*] This is substantially the original reading, for which many changes have been suggested. The presence of "you" in line 204, and "Thou" in line 205, suggests a mutilation of the text. As it stands, "the heir of kingdoms" must be taken to be in apposition to "godlike perfect," and the meaning must be that Marina, from what she has said, has proved herself to be in all things fitted to be princess, and to share the rank of her father. •

Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
 O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

LYS.

My lord, I hear.

[*Music.*

231

PER. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest.

[*Sleeps.*

LYS. A pillow for his head:

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

DIANA appears to PERICLES in a vision

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
 And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maids and priests are met together,

240

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

221 *I am . . . beholding]* I am amazed by the sight that presents itself
 to me.

And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.]

PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA

HEL. Sir?

PER. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike 250
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
[To Lysimachus] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your
shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

LYS. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

PER. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems 260
You have been noble towards her.

LYS. Sir, lend me your arm:

PER. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

248 *goddess argentine*] a reference to the "silver bow," which was the conventional symbol of the goddess Diana. Cf. *infra*, V, iii, 7, "*silver livery*," and *Lucrece*, 786, "the *silver-shining* queen."

SCENE II

Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA at Ephesus

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived 10
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [Exit. 20

12 *he had done his sacrifice*] "He" refers to Pericles. "He" in lines 9-10 refers to Lysimachus.

14 *The interim . . . confound*] Consume or spend the interval.

15 *In feather'd briefness*] With the swiftness of wings.

20 *by . . . doom*] by the judgment or resolve of your imaginations for which we are thankful.

SCENE III—*THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS;
THAISA STANDING NEAR THE ALTAR, AS
HIGH PRIESTESS; A NUMBER OF VIRGINS ON
EACH SIDE; CERIMON AND OTHER INHABIT-
ANTS OF EPHESUS ATTENDING*

*Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, and a Lady*

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore 10
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

• THAI. Voice and favour!
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [Faints.]

PER. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

CER. Noble sir,

7 *silver livery*] the chaste livery of Diana, "the goddess argentine." See V, i, 248, *supra*, and note.

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'T is most certain. ²⁰

CER. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

THAI. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and, death?

30

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

PER. Immortal Dian!

THAI. Now I know you better.

When *we* with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.* 40

PER. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Blest, and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not. 50

PER. "You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

39 *parted*] parted or departed from. Cf. *Rich. II.*, III, i, 3: 'your souls must *part* your bodies.'

41-85 *This . . . sir, lead's the way*] These lines should be compared with *Wint. Tale*, V, iii, 120-155, where a like episode of recognition by a husband of a long-lost wife is described.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

60

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

70

PER. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,

80

74 *This ornament*] This overgrown beard. Cf *L. L. L.*, V, i, 110, where
"excrement" is used in the same sense.

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen, 90
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content 100
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [*Exit.*]

90 *preserved*] Malone's correction of the original reading *preferred*.

100-101 *The gods . . . but meant*] There is a clumsy inversion here.

The words *although not done, but meant*, qualify the word "murder."

Malone proposed to insert *them* after *punish*.

CYMBELINE



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WILLIAM STUTZMAN
OF THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

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CYMBELINE

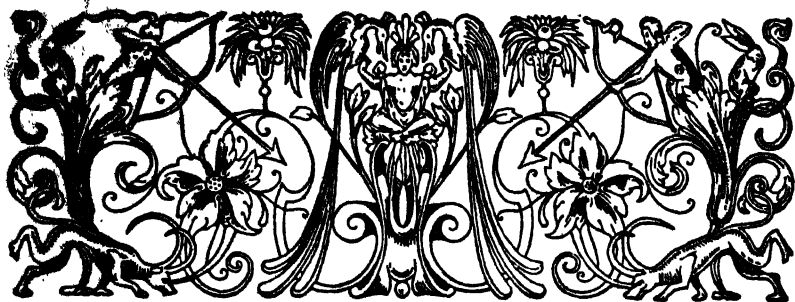
J. H. ...

Upon this fairest prisoner.

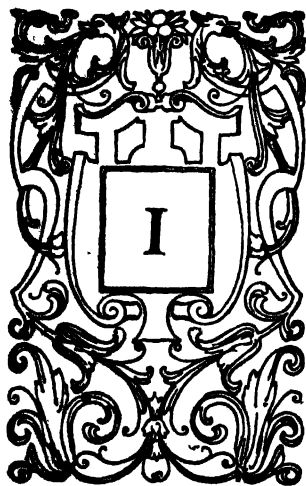
ACT 1, SCENE 1, line 121.

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INTRODUCTION



IF it could be assumed, with any strong probability, that "Cymbeline," which ends the First Folio, was really the last play which Shakespeare wrote, several difficulties which present themselves in connection with it might be resolved at once. It contains one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's women, two gallant boys, a notable villain; with rapid, summarising studies in jealousy, a murderous queen, a royal clown, done as if from memory, or on second thoughts. There are pastoral scenes in it which can only be compared with the pastoral scenes in "The Winter's Tale"; and they are written in verse of the same free and happy cadence. Yet the play is thrown together loosely, rather as if it were a novel, to be read, than a play, to be acted.

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The action is complicated here, neglected there. A scene of sixteen lines is introduced to say that the tribunes are required to raise more forces for the war, and that Lucius is to be general. The last scene is five hundred lines long, and has to do as much business as all the rest of the play. The playwright seems no longer to have patience with his medium; it is as if his interest had gone out of it, and he were using it as the only makeshift at hand.

Most artists, at the end of their careers, become discontented with the form in which they have worked. They have succeeded through obedience to this form, but it seems to them that a rarer success lies, uncaptured, outside those limits. They are tempted by what seems lawless in life itself; by what is certainly various and elastic in life. They are impatient with the slowness of results, with their rigidity, inside those inexorable limits. The technique which they have perfected seems to them too perfect; something cries out of chains, and they would set the voice, or Ariel, free.

That spirit, I think, we see in the later plays of Shakespeare, in which not only does metre dissolve and reform, in some new, fluctuant way of its own, but the whole structure becomes vaporous, and floats out through the solid walls of the theatre. Even "The Tempest," when I have seen it acted, lost the greater part of its magic, and was no longer that "cloudcapt" promontory in "faery seas forlorn," the last foothold of human life on the edge of the world. What sense of loss do we feel when we see "Othello" acted? "Othello" has nothing to lose; the playwright has never forgotten the

INTRODUCTION

walls of his theatre. In "*Cymbeline*" he is frankly tired of them.

"*Cymbeline*" is a romance, made out of Holinshed, and Boccaccio, and perhaps nursery stories, and it is that happiest kind of romance, which strays harmlessly through tragic incidents, in which only the bad people come to grief. All the time things seem to be knotting themselves up inextricably ; every one is playing at cross purposes with every one, as in a children's game, immensely serious to the children ; and one is allowed the thrill which comes out of other people's dangers, and the pleasant consciousness that everything will be all right in the end. There are plays of Shakespeare which are almost painfully real, in their so much more than reality ; this play, even in its most desperate complication, is never allowed to come too close to us for pleasure. We are following the track of a romance, and in countries where no one is sick or sorry beyond measure. ,

The two central figures of the romance are Posthumus and Imogen, and it is those two unlucky lovers who wander through the forest, seeking and flying from each other, along roads chosen mockingly for them by the fate which lies in things as they are. Posthumus is a new kind of hero of romance. He is a showy gentleman, who has the gift of winning every one to his side, including Imogen.

" By her selection may be truly read
What kind of man he is,"

says the First Gentleman in the first scene, plausibly, but not with knowledge : his praises are to be taken at the

CYMBELINE

valuation of common rumour. Married to an incomparable woman, Posthumus has never known her. To doubt her is not to have known her. The jealousy of Posthumus is circumstantial, a jealousy of dull senses, to which the imagination has never spoken. He doubts her at the first rumour of mere coincidence. I should not say doubts; he has not a doubt; her dishonour is palpable to him. He hugs the certainty, driving it into him like a knife in a foe's hand. He will not wait to know all that can be said against her; he is convinced from the first. Rage makes him voluble, and then inarticulate; "I'll do something," is all that he is quite sure of. He orders her death, and when he is told that she is dead, he cries:—

"I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death."

He is always crying out like a child or a madman, always against sense, too soon or too late. He is the slave of the moment, always in its power for evil; and it is against all his endeavours, and against all probability, that he ends happily, having failed in every attempt to destroy his own happiness. That, perhaps, is the irony, as much as the mercy, of the play.

Of all Shakespeare's women Imogen is the manliest and womanliest. All may say of her, as each man says of the woman whom he loves, that for him she is faultless, whatever faults may be seen in her by others. She is a woman to make virtue its own reward; the "infinite

INTRODUCTION

variety" of the wicked seems to lurk in her under some saintly disguise. If Englishmen can point to this picture of an Englishwoman, and say that it is true to nature, nothing remains to be said in praise of our women. It is in her simplicity that Imogen is greatest. Nothing is too hard for her to do easily, nor does it ever occur to her to hesitate. She puts on boy's clothes without a thought of sex; and when, at the end of the play, she finds her husband again, repentant and ready to receive her, she forgets her disguise, and runs to him, to be thrust away by the inevitable blunderer. She has humour, a witty readiness of speech, exquisitely alert and to the point. Only once does Shakespeare burden her with those forced metaphors and that unnatural ingenuity of discourse which blemish so many of his pages. This is in the scene where she finds the headless body of Cloten in the clothes of Posthumus, and takes the dead man for her husband. Those dreadful lines about — .

“His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —
Murther in heaven? — How — 'Tis gone” —

are nowhere exceeded in Shakespeare for sheer unsuitability. Else, Imogen is a model of speech as of honour, justice, and mercy. And, though unbreakable, she has that woman's flexibility which carries her easily through terrifying adventures; she can find herself nowhere where she is not at home; her spirit is always (as Cymbeline says of her, when, at the end,

“Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,”

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having learned trust at last) a kind of

“harmless lightning . . . hitting
Each object with a joy.”

Round these two lovers, on their difficult way through the entanglements of the story, are grouped one or two brave companions and a motley company of hinderers. Of these the chief is Iachimo. Iachimo is the gentlemanly villain through vanity. His whole intelligence is not let out to evil, as with Iago; he entertains evil unawares, finding some unsuspected kinship there. He believes in his power over women, perhaps rather because he holds them lightly than because he prizes himself highly. He has probably had experiences in Italy which have seemed to prove the justice of his estimate. The Englishwoman, though a new country for him, awakes none of his suspicions. It is his creed that all women are alike; only, that some have not been tempted. He has smiled before at the confidence of husbands; Posthumus is franker than the others, that is all. He fully expects to win his wager.

After he has talked with Imogen for a few minutes, he realises that the wager is lost, if it is to be won honestly. He does not seriously tempt her: he makes his few ornamental passes, and drops the foil; with finesse, after all, convincing her of the innocence of his intentions. His vanity, doubtless, is wounded; and it is really his vanity, alert to defend itself, which sets his “Italian blood” to “operate” so instantly the dishonourable trick of the coffer.

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To the Italian, treachery has always been something of a fine art. Machiavelli taught it to princes, and not a gipsy could be cleaner of conscience after a lie than the Neapolitan of to-day. To have lied successfully is to have shown one's ability, much more subtly than if the struggle had been an open one, strength against strength. Iachimo is a study in the Italian temperament, faultlessly indicated, until his vehemence of remorse at the end of the play brings him to a good end, perhaps not so much in the Italian manner.

The Queen, with her useless poisons which harm no one, belongs to Shakespeare's series of wicked queens, most of them constructed on much the same pattern, but leading upward to a masterpiece in Lady Macbeth. Cymbeline's Queen is, so far as her action is concerned, a busy-body, a meddler; her intentions are criminal, but all she really does is to provide Imogen with a sleeping-draught. She pulls some of the strings of the play, herself something of a puppet. Shakespeare wants the wicked stepmother of all the legends, and he gives us a wicked stepmother who would fit into any of them.

Her son, Cloten, the bullying fool, is one of Shakespeare's mockeries of the gentleman by birth who is scarcely a man by wits. Shakespeare was no flatterer of the people; he respected tyrants, he loved the pomp of kings. But in Cloten he shows us one of the rags which may go to the making of that pomp, hardly laughing as he holds it out; all the braveries of the world have that side to them. Here and there he gives the pitiable thing a few sound words to say; on "our salt-

CYMBELINE

water girdle," for instance, or the "If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket." Commentators have seen arguments in these generous lendings for supposing that the play was written partly at one time and partly at another; for how, they say, can the "mere fool" of the first act be "by no means deficient in manliness" in the third? It is part of Shakespeare's art to make even stupidity carry divine messages. Even this, the muddiest of his dolts, can transmit heroism by mistake.

That "mountainous country with a cave," in Wales, on which Cloten intruded, to his destruction, is the scenery of the most bracing scene in Shakespeare. Here we breathe mountain air, and are among natures as free and healthy. These folk of the high rocks, with their princely manners, their high natural courtesy, live courtly lives in the open air, and attend with ceremony upon every action. Shakespeare is careful to explain that the two boys are none of "nature's gentlemen," but princely by birth, though brought up not to know it; and that the old man is really a great lord in exile. He bids us look on what is intrinsic in noble descent, after having seen how that too, like all natural forces, can be flawed in a Cloten. Guiderius and Arviragus are indeed brothers to Imogen, tempered in the same steel. They are to other men almost what she is to other women. She has been unspoilt by civilisation; they, untouched by it.

It is around this old man and these delightful boys that most of what is best in the play, most after Shakespeare's heart, we may be sure, takes place. Lyric

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beauty, not only in the incomparable dirge, fills these scenes with enchantment. Hardly in "The Winter's Tale" are there tenderer things said about flowers; nowhere are there more joyous things said about light, air, and the gentleness and energy of mere life in the sun and wind. And, always, blithely and instinctively in the two boys, with the gravity of experience in the old man, there is that nobility of soul which is perhaps the part of Shakespeare's genius which grew most steadily to the last.

His feeling for nature, also, grew or matured steadily. Shakespeare loved, no doubt, the woods of Arden and the forest ways of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." He could play with them, for happy, sufficient purposes of his own. But it was not till his work was ending, and he had gone through the world, weighing it and judging it, and making it over again after almost its own miraculous pattern of life, that he came to feel the earth. As his art tired, we may think, of the playhouse, so his nature, which had been content with cities, cried out for something which was not in cities. The open air, the sea, the fields, the hills, came to mean to him something which they had never meant.

"The ground that gave them first has them again,"

he can say, in "Cymbeline," of the dead, with a profound sense of the earth, and of our roots there.

In "Cymbeline," as in all Shakespeare's later plays, the writing is for the most part moulded upon the

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thought, with a closeness very different from the draped splendours of the earlier work. It is often condensed into a kind of hardness, it would say too much in every word ; but it allows itself no other license. Often, in this play, it is chary of occasions for fine writing by the way. Take, for instance, the soliloquy of Posthumus in prison (V. 4). Compare it with Claudio's shuddering prevision of death and of the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" in "Measure for Measure"; with Hamlet's reasoning in the dark of a sensitive imagination, fearful of uncertainties. Both are quick with feeling ; each is the outcry of a naked human soul, alone with the fear of death. But Posthumus, who is willing to die, and who believes that "there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them," argues coldly with himself, in his only half-hearted invocation of the gods. The soliloquy is a masterpiece of that difficult kind of writing which has to wring a kind of emotion out of the absence of emotion in the speaker. It is packed with thought, with ingenuities of argument, precisely in keeping with the situation.

In the speeches of Imogen there are the same clearness, simplicity, and packed meanings of a singularly direct kind. That soliloquy before the cave of Belarius, beginning

"I see a man's life is a tedious one,"

is, like the soliloquy of Posthumus, all made up of little sentences, each half a line long, springing naturally and

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unexpectedly out of the last half line, in that way which Coleridge notes as characteristic of Shakespeare, "just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems forever twisting and untwisting its own strength." There is scarcely a figure of speech; the poetry seems too much in earnest, too eager to say definite things directly. It is poetry made out of mere thinking aloud, with all the starts and inconsequences of actual thinking. One of the speeches is the most breathless in Shakespeare.

In the mountain scenes, the verse has not only lyric beauty, but an austere quality which keeps just so much of splendour as can be at the same time grave and subdued. Rhetoric has all gone out of the verse, nothing is loud or showy any longer; there is a new aim at that last refinement in which strength comes disguised, and beauty seems a casual stranger. The verse itself has been broken, as it has to be broken over again in every age, as soon as it has come to perfection, and hardened there. Read a speech of Imogen after a speech of Juliet, and it will seem to you, at first sight, that Imogen is speaking almost prose, while Juliet is certainly singing poetry. It is in that apparent approach to the form of prose that verse finally becomes its most authentic self. Juliet has her few notes, and no more, her formal tunes; while Imogen can set the whole of Shakespeare's brain to a music as various and uncapturable as the wind.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of

ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, }

IACHIMO, friend to Philario, } Italians.

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE : *Britain: Rome*

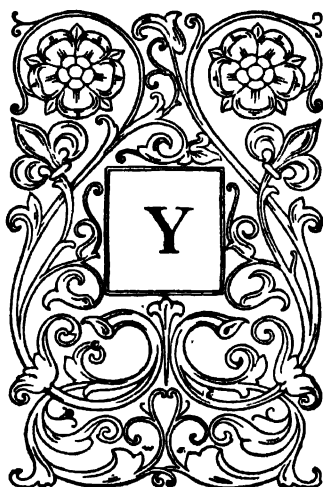
¹ This play was published for the first time in the First Folio, where it concluded the section of Tragedies, and occupied the last place in the volume. The piece was divided into acts and scenes, but no list of "Dramatis Personæ" was given. That list, together with indication of the "Scene," was first supplied by Rowe in 1709.



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — BRITAIN
• THE GARDEN OF CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENTLEMAN



YOU DO NOT MEET A MAN
but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than
our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

SEC. GENT. But what's the
matter?

FIRST GENT. His daughter,
and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole
son — a widow
That late he married — hath re-
ferr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: 'she 's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all

1-3 *our bloods . . . king*] These obscure lines mean that our dispositions
or moods are not so much governed by the heavens — "by every
skyey influence" — as by the views of the king, to which courtiers

Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

SEC. GENT. None but the king? 10

FIRST GENT. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

SEC. GENT. And why so?

FIRST GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess is a
thing

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean, that married her, — alack, good man! —

And therefore banish'd, is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

SEC GENT. You speak him far.

FIRST GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

adapt their own sentiment. The courtiers seem to feel as the king
feels; when he frowns, they frown.

6 *hath referr'd herself*] hath given herself, transferred herself.

24 *You speak him far*] You praise him extensively, you are lavish in
your eulogy.

25-27 *I do extend . . . duly*] I dilate upon him within his merits. I narrow
the compass of his praises, rather than expand them to full length.
For other uses of the word "extend" cf. I, iv, 19, and II, iii, 60, *infra*.

SEC GENT. What's his name and birth?

FIRST GENT. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
 But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
 He served with glory and admired success,
 So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
 Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased 40
 As he was born. The king he takes the babe
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
 And in 's spring became a harvest: lived in court —
 Which rare it is to do — most praised, most loved:
 A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
 A glass that feated them, and to the graver
 A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50

31 *Tenantius*] the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, whom he succeeded on the throne.

33 *sur-addition*] surname. "Addition" usually means title of honour.

37 *fond of issue*] infatuated with his children.

49 *A glass that feated them*] A glass that formed them; it offered them a model of accomplishment.

50 *to his mistress*] as to his mistress.

For whom 'he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

SEC. GENT. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

FIRST GENT. His only child.
He had two sons, — if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it, — the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in knowl-
edge

60

Which way they went.

SEC GENT. How long is this ago?

FIRST GENT. Some twenty years.

SEC. GENT. That a king's children should be so
convey'd!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

FIRST GENT. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

SEC. GENT. I do well believe you.

FIRST GENT. We must forbear: here comes the gen-
tleman,

The queen and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

51 *her own price*] the value or esteem she put upon him.

63 *convey'd*] stolen. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iii, 27: "'Convey' the wise it [*i. e.*,
'steal'] call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase."

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN

QUEEN. No, be assured you shall not find me,
daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. 80
You know the peril.
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.

IMO. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing —
Always reserved my holy duty — what

70] Here the Folios begin Scene ii. Editors generally follow Rowe in omitting that scenic division, but the two following scenic divisions of the Folios, which Rowe rejected, are commonly retained.

78 *lean'd unto*] submitted to.

87 *Always . . . duty*] As far as the obligation of filial piety permits me to say this.

His rage can do on me: you must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

90

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

100

Re-enter Queen

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

105 *he does . . . friends*] he pays (with some new act of attention) the
wrongs I do him, in order to continue friends with me.

IMO. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

110

POST. How, how! another?

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*] Remain,
remain thou here

While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles

120

I still win of you: for my sake wear this;

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

IMO.

O the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

POST. Alack, the king!

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court

116-117 *sear up . . . bonds of death*] wither or burn up my embraces of a second wife in the swathing cloths of the dead. The word *sear* obviously suggests "cere cloths" (i. e., waxed winding sheets), the bonds or bands of death.

120 *fraught*] burden, load; the word is commonly used by Shakespeare and contemporaries as a transitive verb.

CYMBELINE

ACT I

**With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.**

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.]

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me!

IMO. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYM. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

CYM. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 140

CYM. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

IMO. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

129 *the good remainders of the court*] the good people left at court.

135 *I am . . . rare*] I am insensible to your wrath; a finer and superior sensation.

136 *Past grace?*] The technical use of *grace* in the calvinistic sense of divine redemption is curiously anachronistic. Cf. I, ii, 26-27, *infra*, and note.

CYM. O thou vile one!

IMO. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYM. What, art thou mad!

IMO. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would I
• were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

CYM. Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter Queen

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

QUEEN. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some
• , comfort
Out of your best advice. •

• CYM. • Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

QUEEN. Fie! you must give way.

146-147 *overbuys . . . pays*] all that he gives for me is in excess of my
worth; compared with him I am worth hardly anything.

156 *Out of your best advice*] After due consideration of the circumstances.

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

PIS. My lord your son drew on my master.

QUEEN.

Ha!

160

No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS.

There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN.

I am very glad on 't.

IMO. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to
When 't pleased you to employ me.

170

QUEEN.

This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

PIS.

I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk awhile.

163 *had no help of anger*] did not lose his temper, which would have made him dangerous.

167 *Afric*] Used for a desert place, where there would be none to part duellists. Cf. *Cor.*, IV, ii, 23-25: "I would my son Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand."

IMO. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—THE SAME

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords

FIRST LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice:
where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

CLO. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have
I hurt him?

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his
patience.

FIRST LORD. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be
not hurt.

10

SCENE II] Here begins the third scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70, *supra*, and
note.

1-4 *Sir, I would . . . vent*] Sir, I would advise you to change your shirt.
In your violence of action you have sweated offensively; the good
air within you has changed places with the bad air without. There
is no air abroad so wholesome as what you exhale.

5 *then to shift it*] then were need to shift it.

8 *a passable carcass*] a corpse to be run through and through.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

CLO. The villain would not stand me.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

FIRST LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! 20

CLO. I would they had not come between us.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

CLO. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

FIRST LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit. 30

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

11-12 *it went . . . town*] like a debtor, it skulked in the back streets to avoid arrest.

17-18 *gave you some ground*] quibble on a common expression for beating a retreat.

26-27 *If it . . . damned*] These technicalities of Calvinistic theology are curiously anachronistic. Cf. I, i, 137, *supra*.

29 *a good sign*] a fair outward symbol. Cf. *Much Ado*, IV, i, 32: "She's but the *sign* and semblance of her honour."

CLO. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

CLO. You'll go with us?

FIRST LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

CLO. Nay, come, let's go together.

SEC. LORD. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.* 40]

SCENE III—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write

And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

PIS. It was, his queen, his queen!

IMO. Then waved his handkerchief?

PIS. And kiss'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long

SCENE III] Here begins the fourth scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70, *supra*, and note.

4 *As offer'd mercy*] As an offer of mercy, a merciful promise of alleviating the speaker's present anxiety, would be (lost in the letter).

As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

IMO. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

PIS. Madam, so I did.

IMO. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd
them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

PIS. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

IMO. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray

9 *this eye*] The Folios read *his eye*, which Theobald corrected to *this eye*, making the needful sense.

15 *As little as a crow*] Cf. *Lear*, IV, vi, 13-14: "The crows and choughs that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles."

18-19 *the diminution Of space*] the diminution caused by distance.

Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

30

Enter a Lady

LADY. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
 I will attend the queen.

PIS. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE IV — ROME

PHILARIO'S HOUSE

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and
 a Spaniard*

IACH. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he
 was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy

35 *charming words*] words having powers of enchantment which should
 protect his heart from temptation.

SCENE IV] Here begins the fifth scene of the Folios. Cf. I, i, 70,
supra, and note. Rowe made Scene I run continuously up to this
 point. His "Scene II" opened here.

2 *of a crescent note*] growing in reputation.

as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

PHI. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCH. And then his banishment.

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a

4 *without the help of admiration*] without admiration. Posthumus' character could be fairly estimated without exciting any special admiration.

8 *makes him*] perfects him.

14-15 *words him . . . matter*] makes his repute very distant from the truth.

17-19 *the approbation of those . . . are . . . extend him*] The verb "are" ungrammatically agrees with "those" rather than with its true subject "approbation." The meaning is that the favourable opinion of those, who under Imogen's influence ("under her colours") weep for the separation of man and wife, has the effect of exaggerating his worth. For somewhat different uses of "extend," cf. I, i, 25, *supra*, and II, iii, 60, *infra*.

beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

PHI. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

• Enter POSTHUMUS

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ³⁰ story him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

21 *without less quality*] Thus the First Folio. Rowe read *without more quality*. Others read *without his quality*. The construction of the original text is tangled, and one of the negative words *without* or *less* is superfluous. The meaning is that Posthumus is a beggar out and out, without any other vocation ("quality") more or less.

26 *of your knowing*] of your experience. Cf. II, iii, 97, *infra*, "one of your great knowing."

38 *importance*] import. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, V, ii, 17-18: "could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow."

POST. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young travel-⁴⁰
ler; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in
my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but
upon my mended judgement — if I offend not to say it
is mended — my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCH. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
swords, and by such two that would, by all likelihood,
have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

IACH. Can we with manners ask what was the differ-
ence?

FRENCH. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in pub-⁵⁰
lic, which may without contradiction suffer the report.
It was much like an argument that fell out last night,
where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses;
this gentleman at that time vouching — and upon war-
rant of bloody affirmation — his to be more fair, virtuous,
wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than
any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACH. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's
opinion, by this, worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.⁶⁰

41 *go even with*] agree with, acquiesce in. The meaning is that, like
a presumptuous youth, he preferred doing what he saw others do,
rather than what he was told to do.

47 *confounded one the other*] destroyed each other.

56 *constant-qualified*] characterised by constancy. This is Capell's cor-
rection of the Folios, which leaves the two words separate. It is
doubtful if the hyphen be essential, "qualified" being often used in
the sense of "endowed with gentle qualities." Cf. *T. of Shrew*,
IV, v, 65.

IACH. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

POST. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACH. As fair and as good — a kind of hand-in-hand comparison — had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: ⁷⁰ but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POST. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

64-65 *though I profess . . . friend*] even though I profess for her the disinterested veneration of a more or less formal worshipper, and not the passionate affection of a lover. "Friend" was commonly used in the sense of "lover" or "mistress."

66-67 *hand-in-hand comparison*] a pedestrian sort of a comparison, the two notions — "fair" and "good" — being much of a muchness.

68 *Britany*] Thus substantially all the Folios. "Britany" was a common variant spelling of Britain.

70 *could not but believe*] Malone inserted *but*, which is omitted by the Folios. The meaning of the passage (ll. 68-73) is that if she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same degree as your diamond outlustres many diamonds that I have beheld, I should acknowledge she excelled many women. But I have not seen the most precious diamond in the world, nor you the most perfect woman. So we cannot admit that she excels all women.

IACH. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods. ⁸⁰

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POST. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring. ⁹⁰

PHI. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I

76-77 *Either . . . trifle*] Your unique mistress is either dead and out of the reckoning, or you rate this jewel at a somewhat higher value than is just.

84 *in title*] nominally, according to the title-deeds.

86 *your brace*] Thus the Folios. Theobald read, *of your brace*.

unprizeable] Here the word means "invaluable." It sometimes means "valueless," as in *Tw. Night*, V, i, 49, "bulk *unprizable*."

87 *casual*] liable to injury by accident.

91 *convince*] overcome. Cf. *Macb.*, I, vii, 64: "his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so *convince*."

thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

IACH. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend. 102

POST. No, no.

IACH. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt. 111

IACH. What's that?

POST. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

PHI. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

IACH. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

POST. What lady would you choose to assail? 120

IACH. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so

100 *get ground of*] gain advantage over.

101-102 *to friend*] for friend, to befriend me.

109-110 *abused . . . persuasion*] deceived in too bold an assurance.

119 *approbation*] proof, making good.

safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

POST. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

IACH. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 132

POST. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

POST. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring. 141

PHI. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this

129 *You are afraid*] Theobald's correction of the unintelligible reading of the Folios, *You are a Friend*.

131 *religion*] superstitious misgiving.

142 *I will . . . lay*] I will have no wager, no bet.

your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided, I have
your commendation for my more free entertainment. ¹⁴⁹

POST. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles
betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you
make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to un-
derstand you have prevailed, I am no further your
enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unse-
duced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill
opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity,
you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these
things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for
Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I
will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded. ¹⁶¹

POST. Agreed. *[Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.]*

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHI. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us
follow 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V — BRITAIN

A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS

QUEEN. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

¹⁴⁹ *commendation . . . entertainment*] introduction from you recommend-
ing me to a more hospitable reception.

¹⁶⁰ *starve*] perish, die. "Let us strike while the iron's hot."

FIRST LADY.

I, madam.

QUEEN. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

COR. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are,
madam: [Presenting a small box.]

But I beseech your grace, without offence, —
My conscience bids me ask — wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly.

QUEEN.

I wonder, doctor,

10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, —
Unless thou think'st me devilish — is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigor of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

20

COR.

Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

18 *conclusions*] Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, V, ii, 352, 353: "She hath pursued
conclussions [*i. e.*, experiments] infinite Of easy ways to die."

21-22 *apply Allayments to their act*] modify their operation.

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

QUEEN.

O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

30

COR. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

COR. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

40

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think
in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master; greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the box:*
Pisanio takes it up.] Thou takest up 60
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial: nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

47 *quench*] This verb is often used intransitively for "go out" (of a candle),
"cease," "give over," "grow cool."

56-57 *comes to decay . . . in him*] destroys the result of what a past day
has wrought for him; he is going down-hill.

58 *leans*] totters.

68 *Think . . . changest on*] Think with what a fair prospect of mending
your fortunes you now change your service.

Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king 70
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.

A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO with Ladies

So, so; well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

PIS. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you. [Exit.

79-80 *quite unpeople . . . sweet*] quite rob her of ambassadors or messengers to carry messages to her lover.

CYMBELINE

ACT I

SCENE VI—THE SAME

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter IMOGEN alone

IMO. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.]

IMO. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

SCENE VI] Here begins the seventh scene of the Folios.

4 *My supreme crown of grief*] My separation from my husband is the crown
of my distress.

7 *the desire that's glorious*] the desire or emotions of those in exalted
station; "glorious" is in contrast with "mean" (line 8); the
woman of rank who falls in love is most miserable.

IACH. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
 Rather, directly fly.

IMO. [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust —
 LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:
 But even the very middle of my heart
 Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
 You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
 Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
 In all that I can do.

IACH. Thanks, fairest lady. 30
 What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones

17 *the Arabian bird*] the phoenix. So *Ant. and Cleop.*, III, ii, 12: "O

Antony! O thou *Arabian bird*!"

23 *Reflect upon*] Look upon.

24 *your trust*] the trust reposed in you.

32 *rich crop*] rich product.

34-35 *twinn'd stones . . . beach*] stones as like as twins upon the beach, rich in the number of its pebbles. "Number'd" here means "numerous." Theobald needlessly substituted *unnumber'd*.

Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judge-
ment; 40

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam; well. 50
[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir,

36 *Partition . . . precious*] Make distinction by means of refined organs of vision.

43-44 *Sluttery . . . emptiness*] Sluttishness, when presented in rivalry with such perfect excellence, would nauseate desire however sharpset, would make an empty stomach vomit. Appetite would not be so enticed as to feed.

49-50 *What . . . raps you*] What is it that carries you away, causes you such rapture?

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange and peevish.

PIB. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

IMO. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech
you?

IACH. Well, madam.

IMO. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

* IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

IMO. When he was here 60
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

IACH. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose 70
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

IMO. Will my lord say so?

65-66 *he furnaces The thick sighs*] Cf. *As You Like It*, II, vii, 147-148:
"the lover, *Sighing* like *furnace*." "Thick" is used in the sense of
"numerous" or "fast."

IACH. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:

It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

IACH. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be used more thankfully. In himself 't is much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

80

IMO. What do you pity, sir?

IACH. Two creatures heartily.

IMO. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACH. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACH. That others do,

78-79 *In himself 't is much . . . talents*] For or in himself, he is well
endowed with heaven's bounty; as for you, whom I account his
property, though not to be reckoned in money value, . . .

85-86 *solace . . . snuff*] take delight, get comfort, in the darkness of
a prison out of the dying light or snuff of a candle.

I was about to say, enjoy your — But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on 't.

90

IMO. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you, —
 Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born, — discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

IACH. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood, as

100

94 *doubting things go ill*] the fear or suspicion of misfortune hurts more
 than the certain knowledge of it.

96-97 *timely . . . born*] an ill being known in time, the remedy could then
 • be created.

98 *spur and stop*] press forward and withhold. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, II, i, 187:
 "stop or spur me."

103 *Fixing*] Thus the Second and later Fólíos. The First Folio reads
Fiering, which may stand for *Firing*. *Fixing* is the simpler reading.

104 *Slaver*] Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, III, ii, 170-171: "he would *mouth* with
 a beggar."

106-107 *with hourly falsehood . . . labour*] with continual false plighting of
 troth — false conduct practised with all the stir of laborious business.

With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

110

IMO. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I
 Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
 The beggary of his change, but 't is your graces
 That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
 Charms this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my
 heart

With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
 With tomboys hired with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff

120

107 *by-peeping*] first hyphened by Knight. The word may mean "peep-
 ing between-whiles" or "stealthily."

108 *unlustrous*] wanting lustre; Rowe's substitution for the Folio reading
illustrious.

115 *conscience*] inner consciousness.

119-120 *fasten'd . . . double*] attached to such an empire as would
 double the greatest king's dominions.

121 *tomboys . . . self exhibition*] wanton hoydens . . . selfsame allowance.

124 *boil'd stuff*] a reference to the method in vogue of curing venereal

As well might poison poison! Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMO.

Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true, —
As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse, — if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

130

IACH.

Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

IMO.

What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and

140

disease by means of the sweating bath or tub. See *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 79, and note.

131-134 *Should he make me . . . purse?*] The interrogation implies a negative response.

133 *ramps*] Cf. Middleton and Decker, *Roaring Girl*, III, iii, 8: "the bouncing ramp [*i. e.*, loose woman]."

Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

150

IACH. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

160

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god!
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured

170

165-166 *a holy witch . . . into him*] a magician so saintly that he draws whole societies of men into admiration of him. "Witch" was commonly applied to both men and women.

To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All 's well, sir: take my power i' the court for
yours.

IACH. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request, 180
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray, what is 't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord —
The best feather of our wing — have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange, 190
To have them in safe stowage; may it please you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

IACH. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold

190 *curious, being strange*] scrupulous, being a stranger or foreigner.

To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O, no, no.

IACH. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

200

IMO. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

IACH. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

IMO. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You 're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — BRITAIN
BEFORE CYMBELINE'S PALACE

CLOTEN

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords



AS THERE EVER MAN
had such luck! when I kissed
the jack, upon an up-cast to be
hit away! I had a hundred pound
on 't: and then a whorson jack-
anapes must take me up for
swearing; as if I borrowed mine
oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

FIRST LORD. What got he by
that? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] If his wit
had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

CLO. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not¹⁰
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

² *kissed . . . away*] a description of no uncommon experience at bowls.

The "jack" is the small bowl at which the players aim. Cloten's

SEC. LORD. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

CLO. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

CLO. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must²⁰ go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] You are' cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

CLO. Sayest thou?

SEC. LORD. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

CLO. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

SEC. LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLO. Why, so I say.

30

bowl had just touched the jack, when the throw of another player sent it flying away.

4 *take me up*] quibblingly used for "rebuke."

12 *crop the ears*] a pun on the use of "curtail" in the previous line.

15-16 *rank . . . smelt*] This punning comment on the word "rank," which the clown uses in its sense of "quality" or "place," and the Second Lord in that of "rancid," is precisely paralleled in *As You Like It*, I, ii, 95-96: "TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my *rank*, — Ros. Thou lovest thy old *smell*."

23 *cock . . . comb*] a jesting reference to "coxcomb."

25-26 *undertake every companion*] challenge every fellow.

FIRST LORD. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

CLO. A stranger, and I not know on't!

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

FIRST LORD. There's an Italian come, and 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

CLO. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

FIRST LORD. One of your lordship's pages. 40

CLO. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in 't?

SEC. LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLO. Not easily, I think.

SEC. LORD. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

CLO. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

SEC. LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother 50
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and that her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-mother govern'd,

43 *derogate*] a somewhat rare usage in the sense of "act in a derogatory manner."

46 *your issues*] the issues of your conduct, your actions.

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he 'ld make! The heavens hold firm 60
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II—IMOGEN'S BEDCHAMBER IN CYMBEL-
 INE'S PALACE: A TRUNK IN ONE CORNER
 OF IT

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending*

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Please you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
 Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]
 To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies and the tempters of the night
 Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.* 10]

IACH. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

12 *Our*] The speaker is a Roman.

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do 't! 'T is her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
 To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
 Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[Taking off her bracelet.]
 As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,

13 *rushes*] the ordinary floor covering of rooms in Shakespeare's day.

16 *whiter than the sheets*] Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 398: "Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white."

18 *How dearly they do 't*] How beautifully they kiss each other.

22 *windows*] often applied to the eyelids. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 482: "Her two blue windows."

As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret 40
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.* 50
 One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

38-39 *the crimson drops . . . cowslip*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 11: "In their [*i. e.*, cowslips] *gold coats spots* you see."

45 *tail of Tereus*] The myth of Tereus and Progne occupies the second place in a popular story-book of the day, Pettie's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1576. The classical reference is, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vi, 412-676.

48 *dragons of the night*] the chariot of night, according to the classical poets, was drawn by watchful dragons. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, viii, 17: "The *dragon wing of night*."

49 *raven's eye*] The raven is supposed to wake at dawn.

SCENE III—AN ANTE-CHAMBER ADJOINING
IMOGEN'S APARTMENTS*Enter CLOTEN and Lords*

FIRST LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

CLO. It would make any man cold to lose.

FIRST LORD. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

CLO. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is 't not?

FIRST LORD. Day, my lord.

10

CLO. I wish this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,

20

13 *penetrate*] penetrate to the heart; always used by Shakespeare with a figurative reference to the feelings.

19-20 *Hark, . . . arise*] Cf. *Sonnet xxix*, 11-12: "Like to the lark at

His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes;
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise!

CLO. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of 30 unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

SEC. LORD. Here comes the king.

CLO. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern⁶ daughter? Will she not forth?

break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

22 *chaliced flowers*] cup-shaped flowers.

23-24 *Mary-buds . . . eyes*] Cf. *Sonnet* xxv, 5-6: "their fair leaves spread, But as the marigold at the sun's eye."

30 *calves'-guts*] The strings of musical instruments are really manufactured from *sheep guts*.

CLO. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice. 40

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which 50
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

CLO. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;

47 *soliciting*] The First Folio reads *solicity*; the Second and later
Folios *solicits*, a reading which is often adopted. *Soliciting* is
Collier's emendation, but is not essential. Shirley, in *Arcadia*, v, 2,
uses "solicits" as here, in the sense of "courtship."

53 *senseless*] insensible or deaf. Cloten understands the word in the
ordinary meaning, "witless."

And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
 We must extend our notice. Our dear son, 60
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.
[Exeunt all but Cloten.]

CLO. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream. By your leave, ho! *[Knocks.]*
 I know her women are about her: what
 If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold 70
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave. *[Knocks.]*

Enter a Lady

LADY. Who's there that knocks?

CLO. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLO. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

59-60 *And towards himself . . . notice]* And in the attentions we extend to him we have to recognize the consideration he has already bestowed on us. For other uses of "extend" cf. I, i, 25, and I, iv, 19, *supra*.
 69-70 *Diana's . . . stealer]* Guardians of the chase (of which the goddess Diana is patron) perjure themselves, driving the deer near the stand or post where the poacher lurks.

LADY. That's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure? ⁸⁰

CLO. Your lady's person: is she ready?

LADY. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

CLO. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.

LADY. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princess! [*Exit Lady.*

Enter IMOGEN

CLO. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

IMO. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still I swear I love you. ⁹⁰

IMO. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

CLO. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

⁹¹ 't were as deep with me] it would make as deep an impression on me.

⁹⁷ knowing] experience. Cf. I, iv, 26, *supra*, "gentlemen of your knowing."

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 't were my
sin:

I will not.

100

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.

CLO. Do you call me fool?

IMO. As I am mad, I do:

If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By being so verbal: and learn now for all

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so near the lack of charity —

To accuse myself — I hate you; which I had rather 110

You felt than make 't my boast.

CLO. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,

With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties —

Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their
souls,

On whom there is no more dependency

101 *are*] Thus the Folios. Theobald cleverly substituted *cure*, which makes obvious sense; cf. line 104. As the text stands, Imogen says, "I am not mad; I am only a fool."

106 *verbal*] wordy; you compel me to speak out more than a lady should.

109–110 *gm so near . . . I hate you*] am so lacking in charity — I bring the charge against myself — as to hate you.

But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

120

IMO.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
 Comparative for your virtues to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

130

CLO.

The south-fog rot him!

IMO. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

119 *in self-figured knot*] in self-tied? knot, in knot of their own tying.

"Meaner parties" choose partners in marriage just to suit themselves.

121 *soil*] Hanmer's correction of the reading of the Folios, *foyle* or *foil*.

"Foil" is often used in the sense of defeat, and is possibly so used here.

123 *A hilding for a livery*] A fellow fit only for a lackey's uniform.

124 *A pantler, not so eminent*] A pantryman, even the inferior of a lackey.

125-126 *no more . . . besides*] no better fellow than you are into the bargain.

128-129 *if 't were made Comparative for your virtues*] if it were reckoned adequate compensation, or recognition for your virtues.

131 *south-fog*] fog was usually associated with the south wind.

CYMBELINE

ACT II

Enter PISANIO

CLO. "His garment!" Now, the devil —

IMO. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently, —

CLO. "His garment!"

IMO. I am sprited with a fool,

Frighted and anger'd worse: go bid my woman 140

Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe! I do think

I saw 't this morning: confident I am

Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he.

PIS. 'T will not be lost.

IMO. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

CLO. You have abused me:

"His meanest garment!"

IMO. Ay, I said so, sir: 150

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

CLO. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

139 *sprited . . . fool*] haunted by a fool, as by a sprite. "Ghosted" is similarly used in *Ant. and Cleop.*, II, vi, 13.

141 *casually*] accidentally, through negligence.

153 *She's my good lady*] She's my good friend; this is ironical.

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

CLO. I 'll be revenged:
"His meanest garment!" Well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV — ROME

PHILARIO'S HOUSE

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO

POST. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

POST. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHI. Your very goodness and your company
'O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,

10

3 *make to him*] use to win his favour.

6 *fear'd hopes*] This is substantially the reading of all the Folios. Recent editors substitute *scar'd*, or *sere*, for *fear'd*. "Fear'd hopes" would mean "hopes dashed by fear or anxiety." The suggested changes hardly improve the sense.

CYMBELINE

ACT II

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POST. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

20

Enter IACHIMO

PHI. See! Iachimo!

POST. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POST. I hope the briefness of your answer made,
The speediness of your return.

30

14 *Or look*] Ere look, before (he) look.

16 *Statist*] Still occasionally used in its old sense of "statesman" or "politician."

18 *legions*] Theobald's correction of the *legion* of the Folios.

24 *mingled*] Thus the Second and later Folios. The First Folio reads *wing-led*. This seems an error, but the word has been explained as "borrowing wings" or "being animated."

25 *their approvers*] those who put them to the proof.

26 *mend upon*] get the upper hand of.

IACH. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
POST. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I trust.

IACH. 'T is very like.

PHI. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POST. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

40

IACH. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

POST. The stone's too hard to come by.

IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

POST. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACH. Good sir, we must,

41 *If I had lost it*] The Folios read, "If I *have* lost it," a construction quite reconcilable with rules of Elizabethan grammar. Singer's substitution of *had* for *have* gives the requisite sense.

If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills. 50

POST. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

IACH. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POST. Proceed.

IACH. First, her bedchamber, —
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching, — it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story

52 *question farther*] engage in further debate.

58-61 *if not, . . . find them*] The general meaning is, "if you don't fully prove Imogen's shame, your foul slander of her honour must be expiated in a duel with swords, in which encounter either one of us will come off victor, or possibly we shall kill each other, and the weapons of both of us will lose their masters."

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on 't was —

POST. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

IACH. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

POST. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

IACH. The chimney
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves: the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

POST. This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap,
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons —
 I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids

83-84 *So likely . . . dumb*] So likely to speak and tell their names: the sculptor had the creative power of nature, merely leaving them dumb, without the power of speech.

89 *Cupids*] Figures of Cupid were occasionally represented leaning on

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this, — and praise
Be given to your remembrance — the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then, if you can,
[*Showing the bracelet.*]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 't is up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

IACH. Sir, — I thank her — that: 100
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me
And said she prized it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

IACH. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*]

their inverted brands or torches. The "andirons" were the firedogs which support logs on the hearth; those in Imogen's chamber were ornamented with figures of Cupid cast in silver.

96 *Be pale*] Keep your countenance, forbear to flush with rage.

97 *'t is up again*] it is put up, put away, again.

102 *outsell*] exceed in value. Cf. III, v, 75, *infra*, "*Outsells them all.*"

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
 Where there 's another man: the vows of women 110
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
 O, above measure false!

PHI. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
 It may be probable she lost it, or
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
 And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
 Render to me some corporal sign about her
 More evident than this; for this was stol'n. 120

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'T is true: — nay, keep the ring — 't is true: I am sure
 She would not lose it: her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable: — they induced to steal it!
 And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her:
 The cognizance of her incontinency

107 *basilisk*] a fabulous reptile, which could kill with a glance.

110–112 *the vows of women . . . nothing*] women's vows have no more binding force than their obligation to be virtuous, which is none at all.

115 *probable*] provable.

125 *All sworn and honourable*] Servants in great families took oaths of fidelity on admission to service.

127 *cognizance*] badge, token or acknowledgment.

Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

PHI. Sir, be patient: 130
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of —

POST. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast —
Worthy the pressing — lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more?

POST. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

IACH. I'll be sworn —

POST. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

IACH. I'll deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

135 *the pressing*] Rowe's correction of the original reading *her pressing*.

I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father. I 'll do something — [Exit.

PHI. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won: 150
Let 's follow him and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACH. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V—ANOTHER ROOM IN PHILARIO'S
HOUSE

Enter POSTHUMUS

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!

151 *pervert*] turn aside, divert or avert.

5-6 *stamp'd* . . . *counterfeit*] For this common metaphor cf. *Meas.* for
Meas., II, iv, 45, and note.

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't not? —
 Or less, — at first? — perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion 20
 That tends to vice in man but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all, but rather all;
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still 30
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet 't is greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

16 *a German one*] Rowe's correction of the original reading *a Jarmen* 'on.
 20 *motion*] impulse.

25 *change of prides*] alternations of wanton extravagance. Cf. *Lucrece*, 864;
 "in their *pride* do presently abuse it [*i. e.*, gold]."

27 *faults that may be named*] The Second Folio's correction of the First
 Folio, *faults that name*.



ACT THIRD — SCENE I — BRITAIN
A HALL IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

CYMBELINE



OW SAY, WHAT WOULD
Augustus Cæsar with us?

LUC. When Julius Cæsar,
whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to
ears and tongues

Be theme and hearing ever, was
in this Britain

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan,
thine uncle, —

Famous in Cæsar's praises, no
whit less

Than in his feats deserving it —
for him

And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately

5 *uncle] verè grand uncle.*

Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

10

CLO. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame —
The first that ever touch'd him — he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping —
Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof.
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point —
O giglot fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

20

30

CLO. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I

20 rocks] Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *oaks*.

said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLO. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a⁴⁰ hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. 50

CLO. AND LORDS. We do.

CYM. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,

⁴⁹ *against all colour*] contrary to all pretence of right.

⁵² *We do*] This arrangement of these words is due to the Globe edition.

The Folios make *We do* part of Cymbeline's speech, and attach it unintelligibly to the preceding sentence. Others run the words into the succeeding sentence; *We do say then*.

⁵⁵ *repair and franchise*] amendment and free exercise.

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

LUC. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar —
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

60

CYM. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

70

LUC. Let proof speak.

CLO. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime*
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall

70-71 *Which he to seek . . . utterance*] Which now that he seeks to recall
or cancel my honourable reputation, it behoves me to keep to the death,
to the last extremity, à l'outrance.

I am perfect] I am fully assured.

in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; ⁸⁰
and there's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is "Welcome." [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter PISANIO, with a letter

PIS. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

9 *take in*] conquer, subdue. Cf. *Cor.*, I, ii, 24, "*take in many towns*,"
and *infra*, IV, ii, 121-122, "swore, With his own single hand he'd
take us in."

10-11 *Thy mind to her . . . , fortunes*] Thy mind *compared to hers* is now
as low as thy condition was compared to hers before marriage.

That I should seem to lack humanity
 So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] "Do't: the letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity." O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble, 20
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN

IMO. How now, Pisanio!
 PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
 IMO. Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars as I his characters;
 He 'ld lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
 Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
 Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love: of his content,

17-19 *So much . . . opportunity*] "this fact" means "this crime." The Folios omit the stage direction [*Reading*], which was first supplied by Rowe. As a matter of fact, Pisanio is giving the general sense of Posthumus' letter, not the actual text, the whole of which is supplied, III, iv, 21-29, *infra*.

21 *feodary*] properly a feudal tenant, but used by Shakespeare and others for "confederate" or "accomplice." Cf. *Wint. Tale*, II, i, 89-90: "she's a traitor and Camillo is A *federary* with her."

23 *I am . . . commanded*] I am unpractised in the art of murder.

All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me ⁴⁰
 in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the
 dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take
 notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own
 love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all hap-
 piness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I 50
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio, —
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st —
 O, let me bate, — but not like me — yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind: — O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond: say, and speak thick, —
 • Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense — how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way

35-39 *Good wax, thy leave. . . . Cupid's tables*] The general meaning is
 that wax which bees make is blessed by lovers for protecting their
 epistolary confidences, but is cursed by those who suffer imprison-
 ment for breach of sealed covenants, of which the seals are of wax, too.

41-42 *as you . . . renew*] but that you would be able to restore me.

53 *let me bate*] let me abate, modify that expression.

55 *speak thick*] speak quick, crowding one word on another.

Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all, 60
How we may steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PIS. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

IMO. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, 70
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

PIS. Madam, you 're best consider.

IMO. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say; 80
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

63 *And our return*] Thus the Folios. Pope needlessly substituted *Till our return*, which is of course the sense of the passage.

77-79 *I see before me, . . . look through*] I see the straight road before me to Milford: what is on the right and what is on the left, and what follows behind me, are all in an impenetrable fog.

SCENE III—WALES

*A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY WITH A CAVE**Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

BEL. A goodly day not to keep house with such
 Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
 To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

BEL. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill! ¹⁰
 Your legs are young: I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off:
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;

5-6 *giants may jet through*] "giants who jet or strut with their turbans on" are clearly Saracen prodigies who loom largely in mediæval romances of chivalry.

16-17 *This service is not service . . . so allow'd*] The merit of service is not in its execution, but in the estimation accorded it.

And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold . 20
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check,
 Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

GUI. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
 What air 's from home. Haply this life is best
 If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30
 That have a sharper known, well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
 A prison for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit.

20 *sharded beetle*] the scaly-winged beetle. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, III, ii,
 20: "They are his *shards*, and he their *beetle*."

22 *attending for a check*] attendance on a great man only to get rebuke.

23 *bauble*] Rowe's correction of the original reading *babe*. The reference
 may be to the worthless titular reward of an idle hanger-on at court.
 Some retain the original reading *babe*, which they explain as "prince-
 ling." Others adopt the emendation *bribe*, when the line would refer to
 bribes accepted by courtiers without giving any consideration in return.

25-26 *Such gain . . . uncross'd*] Such men are capped or saluted by the
 tradesmen who supply them with fine clothes, but they leave their
 accounts unpaid: their debts are not cancelled or crossed off in the
 tradesmen's books.

33 *travelling a-bed*] bedridden; travelling within the circumscribed bounds
 of a bed.

34 *for a debtor*] Pope's correction of the original reading *or a debtor*.

ARV. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey, 40
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
 I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what 's worse,
 • Must court'sy at the censure: — O boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;

40 *beastly*] in the condition of beasts, and possessed of their qualities.

Cf. V, iii, 27, *infra*.

43 *a quire*] a choir, a place for songsters.

45 *usuries*] extortions.

54 *ill deserve*] get ill deserts, receive evil recompense.

ACT III

60

BEL. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,

70

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine: and though train'd up thus
 meanly

73 *fore-end*] beginning, earlier part; still a common usage in rustic dialect.

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things to prince it much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
 The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out 90
 Into my story: say "Thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on 's neck," even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is roused!
 O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:

83 *wherein they bow*] Warburton's correction of the original reading *whereon the Bowe*.

96 *Arviragus*] This word is wrongly accented on the penultimate syllable, as "Posthumus" is, III, iv, 4, *infra*.

a figure] a rôle, an assumed part (in a play). Cf. *Tempest*, III, iii, 83, 84: "Bravely the *figure* of this harpy hast thou Perform'd."

105 *her grave*] the grave of Euriphile. *Thy grave* would be more grammatical.

CYMBELINE

ACT III

Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—COUNTRY NEAR MILFORD-HAVEN

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

IMO. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
place
Was near at hand: ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What 's the matter? 10
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

PIS.

Please you, read;

9 *wildness*] madness.

12 *summer news*] Cf. *Sonnet* xcvi, 7: "any *summer's* story." In both places "summer" means "joyous."

17 *some extremity*] the edge of bitterness.

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

20

IMO. [*Reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

PIS. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper³⁰
Hath cut her throat already. No, 't is slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

IMO. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,⁴⁰
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed, is it?

PIS. Alas, good lady!

IMO. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

33 *the worms*] applied generally to serpents.

35 *states*] persons of rank in the state.

Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, 50
 I must be ripp'd: — to pieces with me! — O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
 But worn a bait for ladies.

PIS. Good madam, hear me.

IMO. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness: so thou Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; 60
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
 From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:

47-48 *Some jay . . . painting*] Some loose woman of Italy, who owes her birth and being to her box of cosmetic paint. In Italian the word *putta* means both "jay" and "prostitute." The extravagance of the figure has suggested to many editors that the passage is corrupt. But cf. *All's Well*, I, ii, 61-62: "Whose judgements are Mere fathers of their garments"; also IV, ii, 84, *infra*, where it is said that Cloten's clothes "make" him.

60 *lay the leaven . . . men*] infect all good men with the fermenting mass of wickedness in human nature.

**Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.**

70

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart; —
Something 's afore 't. Soft, soft! we 'll no defence; —
Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

80

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but

90

74-75 *Against self-slaughter . . . divine*] Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 131-132: "O . . . that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

79 *scriptures*] Imogen is wearing Leonatus' letters in her breast.

90-93 *It is . . . tirest on* It is no act of common occurrence, but an

A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou timest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

PIS. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

IMO. Do 't, and to bed then.

PIS. I 'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

IMO. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused 101
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

PIS. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment; 'in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady, 110
 Hear me with patience.

exceptional impulse; and I grieve to think, when you have lost the
 edge of your appetite for her whom now you devour . . .

100 *blind*] The original editions omit *blind*, which Hanmer first in-
 serted. Some such insertion is necessary to the sense.

107 *unbent*] ~~with~~ bow unprepared. The imagery is from deer hunting.

IMO. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

IMO. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

PIS. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abused: some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

IMO. Some Roman courtezan.

PIS. **No, on my life.**
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
 I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. **Why, good fellow,**
***What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?**
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court —

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,

114 *tent . . . that*] probe that to the bottom. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 26:

"I'll *tent* [*i. e.*, probe] him to the quick."

CYMBELINE

ACT III

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

PIS. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMO. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

PIS. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

140

IMO. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure!

150

139 *There's . . . Britain*] Cf. *Cor.*, III, iii, 135: "There is a world elsewhere."

143 *Dark*] Impenetrable, mysterious.

146 *Pretty and full of view*] Becoming, suitable, and in full sight of what is progressing,

PIS. Well then, here 's the point:
 You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness —
 The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman it pretty self — into a waggish courage;
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
 As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it — but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy! — to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

160

IMO. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

PIS. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit —
 'T is in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them: would you, in their serving
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him

170

158 *As quarrelous . . . weasel*] Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.*, II, iii, 75, 76: "A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen As you are toss'd with." Weasels were kept in houses, like cats, for killing vermin.

160-162 *but, O, . . . common-kissing Titan*] Pisanio, when bidding Imogen to expose her beautiful face to the sun with the common herd, interpolates a rebuke on the stubbornness of Imogen's husband, which makes the profanation imperative.

163 *laboursome . . . trims*] careful and delicate adornments.

Wherein you 're happy, — which you 'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in music, — doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
 You have me, rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning nor supplyment.

IMO. Thou art all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
 There 's more to be consider'd; but we 'll even 180
 All that good time will give us: this attempt
 I am soldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

PIS. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
 What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this 190
 Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood: may the gods
 Direct you to the best!

IMO. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt severally.*]

173 *which you'll make*] Hanmer's barely necessary correction of the Folio reading *which will make*. The suggestion is that Imogen shall with her sweet voice make declaration of her accomplishments.

176-177 *most holy . . . you have me, rich*] most upright. As for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me, who am rich.

178 *supplyment*] additional supplies. Cf III, vii, 14, *infra*, "supplyant."

180-181 *even . . . give us*] keep pace with, do all that time permits.

182 *I am souldier to*] I am committed to, like a loyal soldier. Cf. *Pericles*, IV, i, 7: "be A soldier to thy purpose."

SCENE V—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords

CYM. Thus far; and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

CYM. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

LUC. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLO. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
us
That we have given him cause.

CLO. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd 30
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

QUEEN. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady 40
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

25 *be drawn to head*] be concentrated, mobilised.

32 *looks us*] appears to us.

35 *slight*] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read *light*. Cymbeline means that he has been too negligent, easy-going, in suffering Imogen's conduct without interference.

Re-enter Attendant

CYM. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

ATTEN. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

CYM. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! *[Exit.*

QUEEN. Son, I say, follow the king.

CLO. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

QUEEN. Go, look after. *[Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence

44 *the loud'st of noise*] All the Folios substantially read *the loud of noise*.

In Middle English, and occasionally in Tudor English, "loud" is
used for "loudness," which makes the original reading intelligible.

Rowe suggested the correction which is adopted in the text.

50-51 *our great court . . . memory*] *our great business of the court*
caused in me a lapse of memory, made me remiss.

Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

60

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

CLO. 'T is certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.* 70

CLO. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement

69-70 *may . . . day*] *may* his grief through the night rob him of the day
to come, prove fatal to him.

73 *Than lady, ladies, woman*] This is substantially the reading of the Folios,
and may be corrupt, though Cloten's language is intentionally crude;
"lady, ladies, woman" may be a rough periphrasis for all feminine hu-
man beings. No satisfactory emendation has been suggested. A word
like "deriving," or "gaining," implicitly precedes "from every one."

75 *Outsells*] Exceeds in value. Cf. II, iv, 102, *supra*, "outsell her gifts."

That what 's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall —

80

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, —
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

90

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of "worthy lord!"
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

92 *Come nearer*] Come closer to the point.

CYMBELINE

ACT III

PIS. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge 100
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

CLO. Let's see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

PIS. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

CLO. Hum!

PIS. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O
Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

CLO. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PIS. Sir, as I think. 108

CLO. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,
undergo those employments wherein I should have cause
to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany
soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I
would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither
want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy
preferment.

PIS. Well, my good lord.

CLO. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of
gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou
serve me? 122

102 *Or this, or perish*] I must practise this deceit on Cloten or perish
by his fury.

PIS. Sir, I will.

CLO. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

PIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLO. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

PIS. I shall, my lord. [Exit. 130]

CLO. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon: — even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined — which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised — to the court, I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 146

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes

Be those the garments?

PIS. Ay, my noble lord.

CLO. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

PIS. She can scarce be there yet. 150

CLO. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. *[Exit.]*

PIS. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, 160
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI—WALES

BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes

IMO. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think

159 *To him that is most true*] Pisanio has not lost faith in Posthumus,
whom he believes to have been deceived.

2 *tired myself*] attired myself as a man.

Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is 10
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in ful-
ness

Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who 's here?
If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.]

7 *Foundations*] Religious houses founded for the entertainment of
strangers and relief of suffering.

10-11 *knowing 't is A punishment or trial*] The poor recognize that afflic-
tions are either a punishment or a test of virtue or endurance.

13 *sorer*] more wicked, a heavier crime.

23 *civil*] civilised, humane as opposed to savage.

24 *Take or lend*] Take, payment for what I want or lend it me, and I
will repay it.

CYMBELINE

ACT III

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BEL. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match: 30
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUI. I am thoroughly weary.

ARV. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUI. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

BEL. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 40
Here were a fairy.

GUI. What 's the matter, sir?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

IMO. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought

34 *resty sloth*] obstinate, stubborn idleness.

36 *house, that keep'st thyself*] Cf. *As You Like It*, IV, iii, 80, 81: "the
house doth keep itself; There's none within."

To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good
troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:

I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

50

GUI. Money, youth?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound?

IMO. To Milford-Haven.

BEL. What's your name?

IMO. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

60

BEL. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUI. Were you a woman, youth,

I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I 'ld buy.

ARV. I 'll make 't my comfort 70
He is a man; I 'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I 'ld give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMO. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUL. Would I could free 't!

ARV. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

BEL. Hark, boys. 80
[*Whispering.*]

IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,

69 *your groom. In honesty*] This is Steevens's punctuation, which makes
"In honesty" equivalent to "In truth: as I am an honest man."
The Folios read *your groom in honesty*, which gives the line the mean-
ing: "I should woo hard to be your servant in an honourable way."

70 *I bid for you as I 'ld buy*] I bid for your service on conditions which
I am thoroughly well prepared to carry out. I will pay all I offer.
76-77 *then had . . . ballasting*] then had the prize thou hadst won in me
been of smaller value, and my fortune would have been more evenly
matched with thine, Posthumus. I should not have been a prize
vessel, so heavily ballasted as to outclass your slighter freight.

78 *He wrings at some distress*] He writhes with anguish.

That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them — laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes —
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'ld change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

BEL. It shall be so.

Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 90
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

GUI. Pray, draw near.

ARV. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less
welcome.

IMO. Thanks, sir.

ARV. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII — ROME

A PUBLIC PLACE

Enter two Senators and Tribunes

* FIRST SEN. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against

85 *That . . . multitudes*] That useless, futile gift (of fame) which the
wavering or fickle rabble bestows.

The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

10

FIRST TRI. Is Lucius general of the forces?

SEC. SEN.

Ay.

FIRST TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

FIRST SEN.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

FIRST TRI. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

6 *fall'n-off*] revolted. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, iii, 93-94: "Revolted Mortimer!
He never did *fall off*."

9 *commends*] Warburton's correction of the Folio reading *commands*.

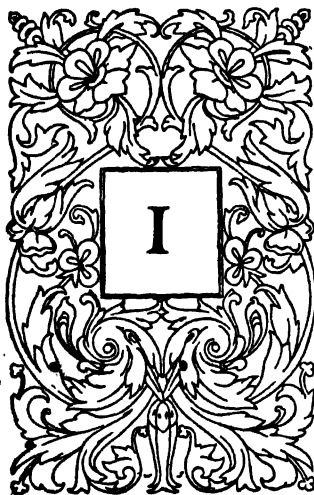
14 *supplyant*] supplemental, auxiliary, supplied in aid. Cf. III, iv, 178,
supra, "supplyment."



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I — WALES
NEAR THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

CLOTEN

Enter CLOTEN alone



AM NEAR TO THE PLACE where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather — saving reverence of the word — for 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself — for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber — I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general

11 *the time*] the general position of affairs at the moment; a common usage in Shakespeare.

services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn²⁰ all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II—BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
and IMOGEN*

BEL. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave ;

We 'll come to you after hunting.

13 *single oppositions*] single combat, as contrasted with¹ general military services.

imperceiverant] wanting in perception. The word is found nowhere else. It is Dyce's invention, which he substituted for the Folio reading *imperseuerant*, — a reading which is quite defensible and should be retained. *Imperseuerant* is justified by authority. It is used occasionally by contemporary authors in the sense of "undiscerning"; cf. Bp. Andrewes' "Sermon" (1594): "*imperseverant* and relapsing righteous persons."

17 *thy face*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer suggested *her face*, which seems a reasonable change.

20 *power of his testiness*] control over him in his cross fits.

ARV. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

GVI. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

IMO. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom 10
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

GVI. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

BEL. What! how! how!

ARV. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
"My father, not this youth."

8 *so citizen a wanton*] so town-bred an effeminate.

10-11 *the breach . . . of all*] if you break your ordinary habits, you
break everything.

16 *Stealing so poorly*] Having so poor a store as myself to steal from.

17 *How much*] However much.

BEL. [Aside] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me. —
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

ARV. Brother, farewell. 30

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV. You health. So please you, sir.

IMO. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disproveest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

GUL. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

ARV. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

BEL. To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

29 *miracle itself*] make a miracle of itself, become unintelligible. Cf. *Lear*, I, i, 220: "That *monsters* it."

36 *Poor tributary . . . fish*] Rivers breed sweet fish for the dish in the same fashion as the seas breed monsters.

38 *stir him*] move him to tell his story.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMO. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

BEL. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

ARV. How angel-like he sings!

GUI. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters;

50

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUI. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

47 *appears*] used causatively, "causes (it) to appear."

49-50 *cut . . . In characters*] a reference to the custom of serving viands cut in letters or other fantastic shapes. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Elder Brother*, IV, i, 15: "to cut his meat in characters."

53-59 *rooted . . . together*] *In him* is Pope's necessary correction for the Folio reading *in them*. "Spurs" are the longest and largest roots of trees. Cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 47-48: "and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar."

ACT IV

Enter CLOTEN

74-75 *More slavish . . . slave*] I never did aught that came so near the part of a slave as answering to that name without knocking down him who addressed the insult to me.

CLO. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

GUI. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art, 80
Why I should yield to thee.

CLO. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

GUI. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLO. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

GUI. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

CLO. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but ~~my~~ name, and tremble.

GUI. What 's thy name?

CLO. Cloten, thou villain.

GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, 90
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
T would move me sooner.

CLO. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

GUI. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

93 *mere confusion*] complete discomfiture.

CLO. Art not afeard?

GUI. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLO. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads: 100
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

BEL. No companies abroad?

ARV. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.

BEL. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.

ARV. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up, 110
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

102 *companies abroad ?*] Thus the first two Folios, which the Third and Fourth changed to *Company's abroad ?* "Companies" is used, as in line 70, *supra*, for "companions," "persons."

105 *lines of favour*] lineaments of countenance.

112-113 *defect . . . fear*] Thus the Folio reading, which is in plain contradiction to the preceding sentence. There it is stated that Cloten is insensible to fear, because he has none of the ordinary

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN's head

GUI. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done?

GUI. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report; 120
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'ld take us in,
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

BEL. We are all undone.

GUI. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company 130
Discover you abroad?

BEL. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that

rational capacity for apprehending terror. Theobald's substitution
of *effect* (*i. e.*, operation) for *defect* gives satisfactory sense.

122 *take us in*] subdue, conquer us; cf. III, ii, 9, *supra*, "*take in* virtue."

130 *For we do fear the law*] Because we are afraid of the law.

133 *humour*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *Honour*.

ACT IV

141

ARV.

I had no mind

150

BEL.

Would I had done 't.

150 *make my way long forth*] make my walk from the cave tediously long.

So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, 160
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us
 through

And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 't is done:

We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
 You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick Fidele!

I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
 I 'ld let a parish of such Clotens blood,
 And praise myself for charity.

[Exit. 170

BEL. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,

160-161 *revenges, That . . . through*] means of thoroughly avenging ourselves, which lay within the scope of our strength, might come our way.

169 *I'd let . . . Clotens blood*] I would let the blood of a whole parish of fellows like Cloten (in order to restore colour to Fidele's cheeks).

Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

180

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

GUI. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

BEL. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

GUI. Is he at home?

BEL. He went hence even now.

190

GUI. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her
in his arms*

BEL. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

187 *ingenious*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *ingenuous*.

194 *lamenting toys*] lamentation over trifles.

ARV. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

200

GUI. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

BEL. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

210

ARV. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

GUI. Where?

ARV. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but sleeps:

206 *crare*] Steevens's correction of the Folio reading *care*. "The ooze" is a soft mud at the bottom of the sea. "Crare" is a common word for a "wherry," or small trading vessel.

208 *but I*] There is apparently an ellipsis of "know" after "I."

215 *clouted brogues*] hobnailed shoes.

If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

ARV. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele, 220
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
With charitable bill — O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
'To winter-ground thy corse.

GUI. Prithee, have done; 230
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

ARV. Say, where shall 's lay him?

GUI. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

219 *to thee*] The change from the third person to the second is abrupt here.

225 *ruddock*] redbreast. Cf. Spenser's *Epithalamion*, 82, "The ruddock warbles soft."

230 *winter-ground*] This is said to mean "protect from the inclemency of winter." The word is not found elsewhere. *Winter-guard* has been suggested.

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that "Euriphile" must be "Fidele."

240

GUI. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely; 250
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

GUI. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

ARV. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

• GUI. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

ARV. 'T is true.

247 *paid*] paid out, punished. For the same use, cf. V, iv, 161, *infra*,
and note.

248 *reverence*] due regard for subordination or social rank.

CYMBELINE

ACT IV

GUI. Come on then and remove him.

ARV.

So. Begin.

SONG.

GUL. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

260

ARV. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

270

GUI. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
ARV. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
GUI. Fear not slander, censure rash;
ARV. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
BOTH. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

GUI. No exorciser harm thee!
ARV. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
GUI. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
ARV. Nothing ill come near thee!
BOTH. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

280

276 *Consign to*] Make bargain with.

277 *exorciser*] one who raises spirits. Cf. *exorcist* in the same sense,
All 's Well, V, iii, 308.

Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN

GUI. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again: 290
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

IMO. *[Awaking]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way? —

I thank you. — By yond bush? — Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet? —

I have gone all night: — faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the body of Cloten.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;

286 *Upon their faces]* This, the original reading, is difficult. The
* correction, *Upon earth's face* (without full stop), hardly seems
satisfactory. The original reading either means that the flowers
are to be thrown with their heads or faces downwards or that they
are to be flung upon the faces of the corpses. Shakespeare may
possibly have overlooked the fact that he has already caused
Cloten's body to be decapitated (line 185, *supra*, and V. v, 295, *infra*)
and his head sent down the stream.

294 *'Ods pittikins]* A diminutive adjuration fashioned from "God's
pity." "Ods boddikins" is a like formation in Elizabethan use.

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so; 300
 'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear: but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
 A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand; 310
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face —
 Murder in heaven? — How! — 'T is gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters — damn'd Pisanio — 320
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's
 that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?

312 *Jovial*] Jovelike. Cf. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (1630): "Thou Jovial hand, hold up thy scepter high."

316 *irregulous*] unruly, lawless. The word is found nowhere else.

'T is he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

330

[*Falls on the body.*]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer

CAP. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome?

CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Syenna's brother.

340

LUC. When expect you them?

CAP. With the next benefit o' the wind.

LUC. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers

326 *pregnant*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, V, ii, 30: "Most true, if ever truth were
pregnant [i. e., rendered evident or obvious] by circumstance."

338 *confiners*] residents within the confines of the territory, inhabitants.

Cf. Daniel, *Civil Wars*, i, 69: "Happy *confiners* you of other lands."

342 *Syenna's brother*] brother of the prince or duke of Sienna.

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

SOOTH. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision —
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence — thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west, 350
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends —
Unless my sins abuse my divination —
Success to the Roman host.

LUC. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

CAP. He's alive, my lord. 360

LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

350 *spongy south*] Cf. *Tempest*, IV, i, 65: "*spongy* [*i. e.*, rainy] April,"
and *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103, "*the dew-dropping south.*"

365 *nature did*] nature made or wrought. To "do" a picture is a common
phrase. •

IMO. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

370

LUC. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

380

LUC. Thy name?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a consul to me should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

IMO. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I 'ha' strew'd his grave
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep and sigh,

391

392 *these poor pickaxes*] her hands or fingers.

And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us

400

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd

As soldiers can. Be careful; wipe thine eyes:

Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—A ROOM IN CYMBELINE'S PALACE

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and Attendants

CYM. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son;

A madness, of which her life 's in danger. Heavens, e

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,

The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time

When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,

So needful for this present: it strikes me, past

The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure and

10

403 *arm him*] Cf. Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, V, iii, 135, "Arm [*i. e.*, take up in your arms] your prize."

Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

20

CYM. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

FIRST LORD. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

FIRST LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less

19 *subjection*] the duty of a subject.

22-23 *We 'll slip you . . . depend*] We 'll let you go for a season; but our
suspicion remains in suspense, still impends. "Slip" is a hunting
term.

28 *amazed with matter*] bewildered with variety of business.

29 *Your preparation . . . no less*] Your army, which is now in readiness,
is able to meet no less an enemy.

CYMBELINE

ACT IV

Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready: 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[Exeunt all but Pisanio.]

PIS. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I 40
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV—WALES

BEFORE THE CAVE OF BELARIUS

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

GUI. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

36 *I heard no letter]* I heard no syllable.

44 *Even to the note o' the king]* Even so that the king should take notice.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

GUL. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death — we being not known, not muster'd 10
Among the bands — may drive us to a render
Where we have lived, and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

GUL. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

6-7 *revolts During their use*] revolters, rebels during the season we can
be of use to them.

11 *render*] account or confession. Cf. V, iv, 17, *infra*. The word is
similarly used as a verb, V, v, 135, *infra*.

17 *the Roman*] Rowe's correction of the original reading *their Roman*.

18 *their quarter'd fires*] the fires of their quarters in camp.

BEL.

O, I am known

Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUI.

Than be so

30

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARV.

By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

40

GUI.

By heavens, I'll go:

27 *The certainty*] The assured monotony.

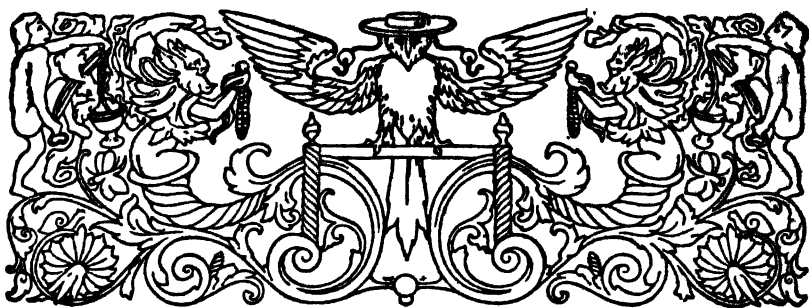
33 *thereto so o'ergrown*] in addition, so overgrown with hair and beard.

Cf. *As You Like It*, IV, iii, 105, "A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair"

If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

ARV. So say I: amen.

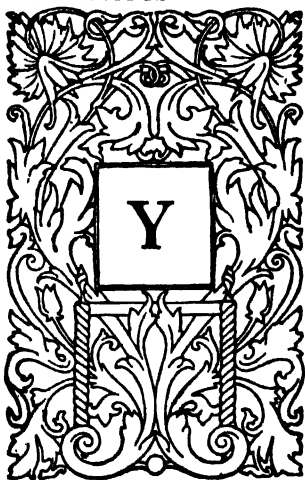
BEL. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys! 50
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. [*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn,
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — BRITAIN
THE ROMAN CAMP

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief

POSTHUMUS



EA, BLOODY CLOTH, I'LL
keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.
You married ones,
If each of you should take this
course, how many
Must murder wives much better
than themselves
For wrying but a little! O
Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all
commands:
No bond but to do just ones.
Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

10

1 *I wish'd*] Pope's correction of the original reading *I am wisht*.

5 *wrying*] going awry, swerving. The verb is commonly used transitively.

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

20

- Cf. Daniel's *Cleopatra* (1599): "In her sinking down she wryes
 The diadem."

9 *put on*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 239: "the powers above *Put on* [*i. e.*, instigate]
 • their instruments."

14 *each elder worse*] each later crime worse than its forerunner. One
 would expect "younger" instead of "elder." But "elder" is sug-
 gested by the implied reflection that the older the man grows, the
 worse is his conduct.

15 *to the doers' thrift*] Thus the Folios. The reading is generally held to
 be corrupt. No entirely satisfactory change has been suggested.
 The meaning seems to be that the sense of dread of their crimes,
 which the evil-doers' experience, is to their ultimate advantage.

More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II—FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN THE
BRITISH AND ROMAN CAMPS

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him

IACH. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exit. 10

32-33 *To shame . . . within*] To put to shame worldly convention, in which outside show is valued more than what lies within: I will begin the new vogue of making the inner reality greater than the outer appearance.

4 *carl*] a variant form of "churl," "clown."

SCENE III

CYMBELINE

The battle continues ; the Britons fly ; CYMBELINE is taken : then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

BEL. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

GUI. }
ARV. }

Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they rescue CYMBELINE and exeunt. Then re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

IACH. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord

LORD. Camest thou from where they made the stand?

POST. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

LORD. I did.

POST. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling 10
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD. Where was this lane?

POST. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
 So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings — lads more like to run
 The country base than to commit such slaughter; 20
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cased, or shame —

5 *Of his wings destitute*] Holinshed, in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155, describes a similar episode in a battle between King Kenneth of Scotland and the Danes in 976, and applies to the imperilled Scottish king the words *now destitute of the wings*.

8 *Lolling the tongue*] Hanging out the tongue like dogs after hard exercise.
 16-17 *who deserved . . . beard came to*] who showed the worth of the many years' training, which his white beard indicated.

20 *The country base*] The boyish game of "prisoner's base." Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 303: "To bid the wind a base," i. e., to challenge the wind to a race, as in the game of prisoner's base.

22 *those for preservation cased, or shame*] faces covered either for the purpose of protecting the complexion or because the sense of modesty compelled concealment.

Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
 "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand!" these three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many, —
 For three performers are the file when all 30
 The rest do nothing, — with this word "Stand, stand,"
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example, — O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners! — 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon 40
 A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need; having found the back-door
 open

24 *harts*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *hearts*.

27 *beastly*] after the manner of beasts. Cf. III, iii, 40, *supra*, and note.

28 *in frown*] with frowning countenance.

42-43 *slaves . . . victors made*] they retrod as slaves the ground that they had stridden as victors.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs o' the field.

LORD. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

POST. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

LORD. Nay, be not angry, sir.

POST. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; 60
For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

LORD. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*]

POST. Still going? This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask "what news?" of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,

51 *mortal bugs*] deadly bugbears or terrors.

64 *Still going?*] Running away from me as you ran from the enemy?

68 *in mine own woe charm'd*] finding in my distressful condition a charm
or spell against death.

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly monster, 70
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death: 80
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers

FIRST CAP. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken:

'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

SEC. CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

FIRST CAP. So 't is reported:
'But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's there?

74 *For being now*] Seeing that I was just lately, but a moment ago.

78 *touch my shoulder*] a reference to the bailiff's mode of arresting a debtor. In *Com. of Errors*, IV, ii, 37, a bailiff is called "a shoulder clapper." Cf. *As You Like It*, IV, i, 47, 48.

86-87 *man, in a silly habit . . . affront*] man, in a rustic dress, who joined them in the attack.

POST. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here if seconds 90
Had answer'd him.

SEC. CAP. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS
to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then
exeunt omnes*

SCENE IV—A BRITISH PRISON

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers

FIRST GAOL. You shall not now be stol'n, you have
locks upon you:
So graze as you find pasture.

SEC. GAOL. Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

POST. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key

92 leg] used in much the same sense as "limb."

1 you have locks] a jesting reference to the custom of chaining horses'
legs together at pasture.

To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
 More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
 Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
 No stricter render of me than my all.
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third, 20
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement: that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
 'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,

- 10 *penitent instrument*] instrument of penitence, means of repentance.
- 15 *Desired more than constrain'd*] freely desired rather than forced upon me.
- 15-17 *to satisfy . . . my all*] as for satisfaction or complete atonement for my sin, if its main condition call my liberty in question, or is deprivation of liberty, exact the payment of no narrower or smaller account than all my being. For "render," cf. IV, iv, 11, *supra*, and note.
- 24-25 *every stamp; . . . the figure's sake*] The coin or stamped piece of money is not valued merely for its actual weight, but for the stamped figure it bears upon it.
- 26 *You rather mine*] You rather (take) my life.
- 27 *take this audit*] settle up this account.

And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.

[Sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies sleeping

SICI. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges,
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then — as men report
Thou orphans' father art —
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

30

40

MOTH. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in thy throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

30-122 *No more; . . . his behest*] The whole of this masque would seem
to be an interpolation by another pen.

SICI. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir. 50

FIRST BRO. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exiled, and thrown
 From Leonati seat, and cast 60
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

SICI. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villany?

SEC. BRO. For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents and us twain, 70
 That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely and were slain,
 Our fealty and Tenantius' right
 With honour to maintain.

55 *[fruitful]* Rowe substituted *rival*. The word is apparently used in the unusual sense of "desirable" or "advantageous."

67 *geck*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, V, i, 330, "*geck* [i. e., dupe] and gull."

CYMBELINE

ACT V

FIRST BRO. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

80

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise
 Upon a valiant race thy harsh
 And potent injuries.

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest
 Against thy deity.

90

BOTH BRO. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees*

JUP. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.

100

Whom best I love I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110
 And so away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

SICI. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
 As when his god is pleased.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter!

SICI. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd 120
 His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

POST. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
 and begot

102 *The more delay'd, delighted*] The more' delightful, the longer it is
 delayed.

116 *to foot us*] to grasp us in his talons.

118 *cloys*] a rare word, equivalent to "claws." Hawks whet their beak by
 rubbing it with their claws.

A father to me; and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
 And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air,
 and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
 being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
 stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty." 143

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:

134 *jangled*] vain, or idly contrived, as in "new-fangled." Cf. Guilpin,
Skialetheia (1598), "this *jangled* age."

139 *a piece of tender air*] a personage of tender nature. Cf. Fletcher,
Rule a Wife, iii, 5 (*New Engl. Dict.*), "a *piece* of mischief." The
 employment of the words "tender air" is fantastically explained, V,
 v, 445, *infra*.

145 *Tongue, and brain not*] Speak, and do not comprehend.

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers

FIRST GAOL. Come, sir, are you ready for death? 150

POST. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

FIRST GAOL. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

POST. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

FIRST GAOL. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty, the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-

148 *like it*] equally incomprehensible.

161-162 *paid . . . paid*] The second *paid* means "paid out," "punished." It is also thus used, IV, ii, 245, *supra*. For the same play on words see *M. Wives*, V, v, 56.

164 *drawn of heaviness*] emptied; "drawn" is still so used of disembowelled fowls.

charge: your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die than thou art to live. 170

FIRST GAOL. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POST. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

FIRST GAOL. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one. 183

POST. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

FIRST GAOL. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 191

POST. Thou bringest good news, I am called to be made free.

181 *jump*] "venture," "hazard," as in *Macb.*, I, vii, 7: "we *jump* the life to come."

FIRST GAOL. I'll be hanged then.

POST. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. *[Exeunt all but First Gaoler.]*

FIRST GAOL. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V—CYMBELINE'S TENT

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants

CYM. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;

198 *prone*] eager, ready. .

5 *targes of proof*] shields which are proof against assault.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

CYM. No tidings of him? 10

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*] which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are: report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

CYM. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies

There 's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

9 *poor looks*] dejected looks. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, iii, 128: *look so poorly*.

13 *The heir of his reward*] The possessor of what should have been his reward.

22 *estates*] ranks, positions of rank.

CYM. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

30

COR. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Prithee, say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorrd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke in dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

40

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYM. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman? Is there more?

COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,

50

38 *Affected greatness*] Had affection for greatness.

43 *bore in hand*] deceitfully pretended; a common phrase.

50 *a mortal mineral*] a deadly mineral poison.

Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
Despairing died.

CYM. Heard you all this, her women?

LADIES. We did, so please your highness.

CYM. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful,
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that 70
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

LUC. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which I 'll make bold your high-
 ness

80

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
 Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

90

CYM. I have surely seen him:
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
 To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

IMO.

I humbly thank your highness.

100

87-88 *So tender over his occasions . . . So feat* So considerate in doing
 whatever occasion might require, so loyal, so dexterous.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

IMO. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

LUC. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

CYM. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak, 110
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMO. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

CYM. Wherefore eyest him so?

IMO. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

CYM. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely. 119

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

BEL. Is not this boy revived from death?

ARV. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

GUL. The same dead thing alive.

BEL. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

GUL. But we saw him dead.

BEL. Be silent; let's see further.

PIS. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:

Since she is living, let the time run on

To good or bad. [*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; 131

Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

IMO. My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POST. [*Aside*] What's that to him?

CYM. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

IACH. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

CYM. How! me? 140

IACH. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

126 *saw*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *see*.

135 *render*] give account. Used as a noun, IV, iv, 11, and V, iv, 17, *supra*.

**Which torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and — which more may grieve
 thee.**

As it doth me, — a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood and my false spirits
Quail to remember — Give me leave; I faint.

CYM. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength: 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

IACH. Upon a time — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome, — accurst
The mansion where! — 't was at a feast, — O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head! — the good Posthumus, —
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

164 *The shrine of Venus*] The figure of Venus (in her shrine or temple). Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 40 (of Portia) "To kiss this *shrine*, this mortal-breathing saint."
straight-pight] straight-pitched, erect.

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye —

CYM. I stand on fire:
 Come to the matter.

IACH. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus, ¹⁷⁰
 Most like a noble lord in love and one
 That had a royal lover, took his hint,
 And not dispraising whom we praised, — therein
 He was as calm as virtue — he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Proved us unspeaking sots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

IACH. Your daughter's chastity — there it begins. ¹⁸⁰
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
 • Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring

165 *Postures . . . nature*] Presentations of attitude excelling nature's ephemeral handiwork. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, II, ii, 204–205: "O'er-picturing that Venus where we see The fancy outwork nature."

167 *that hook of wiving*] that bait which catches husbands.

178 *unspeaking sots*] fools without power of speech.

By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it 190
 Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court; where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough 200
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet, —
 O cunning, how I got it! — nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon —
 Methinks I see him now —
 POST. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
 Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing

189–191 *a carbuncle . . . car*] The splendour of Phoebus' jewelled car is described in Ovid, *Met.*, II, 107–110 (in Golding's translation, 144–148).

203 *averring notes*] declaring confirmatory notes.

That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villany less than 't was! O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

220

IMO. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —

POST. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part. *[Striking her: she falls.]*

PIS. O, gentlemen, help!
 Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
 Mine honour'd lady!

230

CYM. Does the world go round?

POST. How come these staggers on me?

PIS. Wake, my mistress!

CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

233 *staggers*] this fit of unsteadiness. See note on *All 's Well*, II, iii, 161.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

PIS. How fares my mistress?

IMO. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

CYM. The tune of Imogen!

PIS. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

240

CYM. New matter still?

IMO. It poison'd me.

COR.

O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have" said she "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat."

CYM. What 's this, Cornelius?

COR. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

250

238 *The tune of Imogen!*] The true note of Imogen. Cf. IV, ii, 48 (of the disguised Imogen): "How angel-like he *sings!*"

IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.

BEL. My boys,

There was our error.

GUI. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

CYM. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMO. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

BEL. [*To Gui. and Arv.*] Though you did love this youth,
I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.

CYM. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

CYM. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

259 *dead*] unconscious; cf. IV, iii, 196 *seq.*, *supra*, where Imogen's temporary unconsciousness was mistaken for death.

262 *Think . . . upon a rock*] The reference seems to be to a rocky eminence, which offers an asylum to a shipwrecked mariner. See line 393, *infra*, where Posthumus anchors upon Imogen, and a nautical metaphor is again employed in a like connection.

265 *a dullard in this act*] a person unconcerned in what is passing.

271 *long of her*] along of, because of, owing to her.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

PIS. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him 280
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.

GUL. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods forbend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

GUL. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

CYM. He was a prince.

GUL. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;

279 *a feigned letter*] apparently a forged letter. . But no reference has
been made to it hitherto.

And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
must

Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender, 300
And take him from our presence.

BEL. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.

CYM. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt die for 't.

BEL. We will die all three: 311
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must

297 *tell this tale of mine*] fill my place.

am sorry] Thus (substantially) the Second and later Folios. The
First Folio reads *am sorrow*, with which cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 139: "I am
woe for 't, sir."

305 *Had ever scar for*] Had ever got wounds for.

For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

ARV. Your danger's ours.

GUI. And our good his.

BEL. Have at it then, by leave.

Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

CYM. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is that hath
Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.

320

BEL. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons!

BEL. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father, Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

330

CYM. How! my issue!

BEL. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

319 *Assumed this age*] Acquired, reached, attained, these years.

CYMBELINE

350

[161]

BEL. Be pleased awhile.

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

360

CYM. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYM. O, what am I?
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

370

IMO. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,

364 *a mole, a sanguine star*] Cf. the crimson mole, "cinque-spotted" on Imogen's breast, II, ii, 38, *supra*.

370 *Blest pray you be*] Rowe altered this reading of the Folios needlessly to "Blest may you be."

371 *orbs*] orbits.

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

CYM. Did you e'er meet?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GUI. And at first meeting loved,
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYM. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances, 390
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,

382 *This fierce abridgement*] This rapid, vehement summary.

383-384 *which Distinction . . . rich in*] in which a discrimination of details should discover wealth (of interest).

388 *your three motives*] the motives of you three. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iii, 51: "both our remedies [*i. e.*, the remedy for us both]."

390 *by-dependances*] subsidiary issues.

CYMBELINE

ACT V

And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee
ever.

IMO. You are my father too; and did relieve me, 400
To see this gracious season.

CYM. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUC. Happy be you!

CYM. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomeed this place and graced
The thankings of a king.

POST. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

IACH. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

POST. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;

409 *beseeeming* . . . *fitment*] appearance . . . equipment.

The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

CYM. Nobly doom'd! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

POST. Your servant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found 430
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus!

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

* SOOTH. * [*Reads*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
• tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty." 440

421 *freeness*] magnanimity.

428 *spritely shows*] ghostly appearances.

430 *whose containing*] the contents of which.

432 *collection*] invariably used by Shakespeare in the sense of "inference."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
 [*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous
 daughter,

Which we call "mollis aer;" and "mollis aer"
 We term it "mulier:" which "mulier" I divine
 Is this most constant wife; who even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
 With this most tender air.

CYM. This hath some seeming. 450

SOOTH. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
 For many years thought dead, are now revived,
 To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYM. Well;
 My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
 And to the Roman empire, promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which 460
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

446 *We term it "mulier"]* This spurious etymology of "mulier" (woman) is found in Henri Estienne's or Stephens' *Introduction au Traité de la conformité des Merveilles Anciennes*, Paris, 1566, translated by R. C. as *A World of Wonders*, 1607 (p. 292).

447 *who even now]* "you," i. e., Posthumus, is understood as the antecedent of "who."

450 *seeming]* likelihood.

Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

SOOTH. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

462 *Whom*] Upon whom.

467 *this yet*] Thus the Third and Fourth Folios. The First and Second Folios read *yet this*.
